

THE
Rival Queens,
OR THE DEATH OF
ALEXANDER
THE GREAT.

ACTED AT THE
Theatre-Royal.

BY
Their Majesties Servants

By NAT. LEE, Gent.

— *Naturâ sublimis & aevæ*
Nam spirat tragicæ sævis, & sollicitæ malis.
Horat. Epist. ad Aug.

LONDON.

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Then His Majesty's Servants

1822

BY MRS. LEE GORE

Printed by J. G. & Co. at the Theatre-Royal, in the Strand, London.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

JOHN,

EARL OF

MULGRAVE;

Gentleman of His Majesties Bed-
Chamber, and Knight of the most
Noble Order of the Garter.

My Lord,

WHEN I hear by many Persons, not indifferent
Judges, how Poets are censur'd most, even
where they most intend to please; & sometimes by
those to whom they address, condemn'd for Flatterers, Sycophants, little fawning wretches, I confess of all Undertakings
there is none more dreadful to me than a Dedication. So
nicely cruel are our Judges, that after a Play has been gene-
rally applauded on the Stage, the industrious Malice of some
after

The Epistle Dedicatory.

after Observers shall damn it for an Epistle or a Preface. For this Reason, my Lord, Alexander was more to seek for a Patron in my troubled thoughts, than for the Temple of Jupiter Ammon in the spreading Wilds, and rowling Sands. 'Tis certain too, he must have been lost, had not Fortune, whom I must once, at least, acknowledge kind in my Life, presented me to your Lordship : You were pleas'd, my Lord, to read it over, Act by Act, and by particular praises ; proceeding from the sweetness, rather than the justice of your temper, lifted me up from my natural Melancholy, and Diffidence, to a bold belief, that what so great an Understanding warranted, could not fail of Success. And here I were most ungrateful, if I should not satisfy the judging World of the Surprise I was in. Pardon me, my Lord, for calling a Surprise, when I was first honour'd by waiting upon your Lordship : so much unexpected, and indeed, unusual affability from Persons of your Birth, and Quality ; so true an easiness, such Frankness without affectation, I never saw. Your constant, but few Friends, show the firmness of your Mind, which never varies, so God-like a Virtue, that a Prince puts off his Majesty, when he parts with Resolution. In all the happy times, that I attended you, unless business, or accident, interpos'd, I have observ'd your Company to be the same. You have travell'd through all tempers, Sail'd through all humours of the Courts unconstant Seas, you have gain'd the gallant Prizes, which you sought, your select'd, unvaluable Friends : And I am perfectly perswaded, if you traffick but seldom abroad, 'tis for fear of splitting upon Knaves or Fools. Nor is it Pride, but rather a Delicacy of your Soul, that makes you shun the sordid part of the World, the Lees and Dregs of it, while in the noblest Retirement you enjoy the finer Spirits, & have that just Greatness to be above the baser. How commendable therefore is such Reservation ! How admirable such a Solitude ! If you are singular in this,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

we ought to blame the wild, unthinking, dissolute Age; an Age whose business is senseless Riot, Neronian Gambols, and ridiculous Debauchery; an Age that can produce few Persons besides your Lordship, who dare be alone. All our hot hours burnt in Night Revels, or drown'd in Day-dead-sleep; or if we wake, 'tis a point of reeling Honour jogs us to the Field, where, if we live, or dye, we are not concern'd; for, the Soul was laid out before we went abroad, and our Bodies were after acted by meer Animal-Spirits, without Reason. When I more narrowly, contemplate your Person, methinks I see in your Lordship two of the most famous Characters, that ever Ancient, or Modern Story could produce; the mighty Scipio, and the retir'd Cowley. You have certainly the Gravity, Temperance, and Judgment, as well as the Courage of the first; all which, in your early attempts of War, gave the noblest dawn of Virtue; and will, when Occasion presents, answer our expectation, and shine forth at full. Then, for the latter, you possess all his sweetness of humour in peace; all that Halcyon Tranquility of Mind, where your deep thoughts glide, like silent Waters, without a Wrinkle, your hours move with softest Wings, and rarely any Larum strikes to discompose you. You have the Philosophy of the first; and which, I confess, of all your qualities, I love most, the Poetry of the latter. I was never more mov'd at Virgil's Dido, than at a short Poem of your Lordship's; where nothing but the shortness can be disliked. As our Church-Men wish, there were more Noble Men of their Function, so wish I, in the behalf of deprest Poetry, that there were more Poets of your Lordship's Excellence and Eminence. If Poetry be a Virtue, she is a ragged one; and never, in any Age, went barer than now. It may be objected, she never deserved less. To that I must not answer; but I am sure, when she merited most, she was always dissatisfied, or she would not have forsaken the most splendid Courts in the World.

Virgil

The Epistle Dedictory.

Virgil and Horace; Favourites of the mightiest Emperor, retir'd from him, preferring a Mistress, or a white Boy, and two or three cheerful drinking Friends in a Country Village, to all the Magnificence of Rome: Or if sometimes they were snatch'd from their cooler pleasures to an Imperial Banquet, we may see by their Verses in praise of a Country Life, 'twas against their Inclination; witness, Horace in his Epod. *Beatus ille qui procul, &c.* part of his sixth Satyr, his Epistle to Falisc. Arist. Virgil's Georgic, *O Fortunatos nimium bona si, &c.* All rendred by Mr. Cowley, so Copiously and Naturally, as no Age gone before, or coming after, shall equal, though all Heads join'd together to out-do him. I speak not of his exactness to a line, but of the whole. This then may be said, as to the condition of Poets in all times, few ever arriv'd to a middle Fortune, most have liv'd at the lowest, none ever mounted to the highest; neither by Birth, for none was ever born a Prince, as no Prince, to my remembrance, was ever born a Poet; nor by Industry, because they were always too much transported by their own thoughts from minding the grave business of a World, not of their humour: Whereas even Slaves, the Rubbish of the Earth have, by most prodigious Fortune, gain'd a Scepter, and with their vile Heads, sul-ly'd the Glories of a Crown. Praise is the greatest encouragement we Camelions can pretend to, or rather the Manna that keeps Soul and Body together; we devour it as if it were Angels Food, and vainly think we grow Immortal. For my own part, I acknowledge, I never receiv'd a better satisfaction from the applause of an Audience, than I have from your single Judgment. You gaze at Beauties, and wink at Blemishes; and do both so gracefully, that the first discovers the acuteness of your Judgment, the other the excellency of your Nature. And I can affirm to your Lordship, there is nothing transports a Poet ~~more~~ to Love, like commending in the right place.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

place. Therefore, my Lord, this Play must be yours; and Alexander, whom I have rais'd from the dead, comes to you with an assurance answerable to his Character, and your Virtue. You cannot expect him in his Majesty of two thousand years ago, I have only put his Illustrious Ashes in an Urne, which are now offer'd with all Observance, to Your Lordship, By

My Lord,

Your Lordships most humble,

obliged, and devoted Servant,

NAT. LEE

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN BY
Alexander the Great. Mr. *Hack*
Clytus, Master of his Horse. Mr. *Mohun*
Lyfimachus, Prince of the Blood. Mr. *Griffin*
Hephestion, Alexander's Favourite. Mr. *Clark*
Cassander, Son of Antipater. Mr. *Kenaston*
Polyperchon, Commander of the Phalanx. Mr. *Goodman*
Philip, Brother to Cassander. Mr. *Powel*
Thessalus, the Median. Mr. *Wiltshire*
Perdiccas, } *Great Commanders*
Eumenes, }
Melcager, }
Aristander, a South-Seaer. Mr. *Perin*
 Mr. *Holt*

WOMEN

BY

Syngambis, Mother of the Royal Family. Mrs. *Corey*
Statira, Daughter of Darins, Married to Alexander. } Mrs. *Boutel*
Roxana, Daughter of Cohortanus, first Wife of Alexander. } Mrs. *Marshall*
Parisatis, Sister to Statira, in Love with Lyfimachus. } Mrs. *Baker*

Attendants.

Slaves.

Ghost.

Dancers.

Guards.

Scene, *Babylon.*

To Mr. Lee on his Alexander.

THE Blast of common Censure could I fear,
Before your Play my Name shou'd not appear;
For 'twill be thought, and with some colour too,
I pay the Bribe I first receiv'd from You;
That mutual Vouchers for our Fame we stand,
To play the Game into each others Hand;
And as cheap Pen'orths to our selves afford
As *Bessus* and the Brothers of the Sword;
Such Libels private Men may well endure,
When *States* and *Kings* themselves are not secure;
For ill Men, conscious of their inward Guilt,
Think the best Actions on By-Ends are built.
And yet my Silence had not escap'd their spight,
Then envy had not suffer'd me to write:
For, since I cou'd not Ignorance pretend,
Such worth I must or envy, or commend.
So many *Candidates* there stand for Wit,
A Place in Court is scarce so hard to get;
In vain they croud each other at the Door;
For ev'n *Reversions* are all beg'd before:
Desert, how known so e're, is long delay'd;
And, then too, *Fools* and *Knaves* are better pay'd.
Yet, as some Actions bear so great a Name,
That Courts themselves are just, for fear of shame:
So has the mighty Merit of your Play
Extorted Praise, and forc'd it self a Way.
'Tis here, as 'tis at Sea; who farthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his Foes;
Yet when some Virtue much out-grows the rest,
It shoots too fast, and high to be exprest;
As his Heroic worth struck Envy dumb
Who took the *Dutchman*, and who cut the *Boom*:

Such Praise is yours, while you the Passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd; 'tis real Love :
Where Nature Triumphs over wretched Art ;
We only warm the Head, but you the Heart.
Always you warm ! and if the rising Year,
As in hot *Regions*, bring the Sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant Spices blow,
Which in our colder Climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your Theme
With too much Fire, who are themselves all *Rôle* *mê*.
Prizes wou'd be for Lags of slowest pace,
Were Cripples made the Judges of the Race.
Despise those Drones, who praise while they accuse
The too much vigour of your Youthful Muse :
That humble Stile which they their Virtue make
Is in your pow'r ; you need but stoop and take,
Your beauteous Images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile Poets of the Crowd ;
But how should any Sign-post-dawber know
The worth of *Titian* or of *Angelo* ?
Hard Features every Bungler can command ;
To draw true Beauty, shews a Master's Hand.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Prologue

PROLOGUE

ALEXANDER.

Written by Sir Char. Scroop, Baronet.

HOW hard the Fate is of the Scribbling Drudge,
Who writes to all, when yet so few can judge!
Wit, like Religion, once Divine was thought;
And the dull Crowd believ'd as they were taught;
Now each Favourite Fool presumes to explain
The Text, and does the sacred Writ prophane;
For, while you Wits each others Fall pursue,
The Fops usurp the Power belongs to you.
You think y'are challeng'd in each New Play-Bill,
And here you come for tryal of your Skill;
Where Fencer-like, you one another hurt,
While with your wounds, you make the Rabble sport.
Others there are that have the brutal will
To murder a poor Play, but want the Skill.
They love to fight, but seldom have the wit
To spy the place where they may thrust and hit;
And therefore, like some Bully of the Town,
Ne're stand to draw, but knock the Poet Down.
With these, like Hogs in Gardens it succeeds,
They root up all, and know not Flowers from Weeds.
As for you, Sparks, that hither come each day
To act your own, and not to mind our Play;
Rehearse your usual Follies to the Pit,
And with loud Non-sense drown the Stages Wit:

Take of your Clouth, your last Debauche tell
And witty War to each other sell;
Gloat on the silly She, who for your sake
Can Vanity and Noise for Love mistake;
Till the Cacquet sung in the next Lampoon,
Is by her jealous Friends sent out of Town.
For, in this Duelling, Intriguing Age,
The Love you make is like the VVar you wage;
You are still prevented ere you come to Pledge.
But 'tis not to such trifling Foes as you,
The Mighty Alexander daigns to sue;
You Persians of the Pit he does despise,
But to the Men of Sense, for Aid, he flies;
On their experienc'd Arms he now depends,
Nor fears he odds, if they but prove his Friends;
For as he once a little Handful chose,
The numerous Armies of the World oppose;
So back't by you, who understand the Rules,
He hopes to rout the Mighty Host of Fools.

THE

THE

Rival Queens,

OR

ALEXANDER

THE GREAT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hephestion, Lyfimachus fighting, Clytus parting them.

Cly. **W**HAT, are you Mad-men! ha— Put up I say—
Then, mischief in the bosoms of ye both.

Lys. I have his Sword.

Cly. But must not have his Life.

Lys. Must not, Old Clytus?

Cly. Mad Lyfimachus, you must not.

Heph. Coward Fleth! O feeble Arm,

He dallied with my Point, and when I thrust,

He frown'd and smil'd, and foil'd me like a Fencer.

O Reverend Clytus! Father of the War;

Most famous Guard of Alexander's Life,

Take pity on my Youth, and lend a Sword:

Lyfimachus is brave, and will not scorn me;

Kill me, or let me fight with him again.

Lys. There, take thy Sword; and since thou art resolv'd

For death, thou hast the noblest from my hand.

Cly. Stay thee Lyfimachus, Hephestion, hold;

I bar you both, my Body interpos'd.

Now let me see which of you dares to strike;

By Jove ye've stirr'd the Old Man, that rash Aim

That first advances, moves against the Gods,

Against the Wrath of Clytus and the Will

Of our great King, whose Deputy I stand.

Lys.

The RIVAL QUEENS, Or

Lyf. Well, I shall take another time.

Heph. And I.

Cly. 'Tis false;

Another time, what time? what foolish hour?

No time shall see a brave Man do amiss.

And what's the oblique Cause that makes this madness?

What big Ambition does this dangerous Fire

A Cupid's Puff, is it not Woman's Breath?

By all our Triumphs in the heat of Youth,

When Towns were sack'd, and Beauties prostrate lay,

When my Blood boyl'd, and Nature work't me tight,

Clytus he's bewitch'd his body to such flame:

The heavens will scorn their Cobweb Arts — The Souls

Of all that whining, smiling, coz'ning Sex

Weigh not one thought of any Man of War.

Lyf. I must confess our Vengeance was ill-tim'd.

Cly. Death! I had rather this right Arm were lost,

To which I owe my Glory, than our King

Should know your Fault — what, on this famous day!

Heph. I was to blame.

Cly. This memorable day,

When our hot Master, that wou'd tire the World,

Outride the lab'ring Sun, and tread the Stars,

When he inclin'd to Rest, comes peaceful on,

Lift'ning to Songs, while all his Trumpets sleep,

And plays with Monarchs whom he us'd to drive,

Shall we begin Disorders, make new Broyles?

We that have temper learnt, shall we awake

Huff't Mars, the Lion, that had left to roar?

Lyf. 'Tis true, Old *Clytus* is an Oracle

Put up, *Hephestion* — did not Passion blind

My Reason, I on such occasion too

Could thus have urg'd.

Heph. Why is it then we love?

Cly. Because unmann'd. —

Why is not *Alexander* grown Example?

O that a Face should thus bewitch a Soul,

And ruine all that's right and reasonable,

Talk be my bane, yet the Old Man must talk

Not so he lov'd when he at *Ilium* fought,

And joyn'd in mighty Duel great *Darius*,

Whom from his Chariot flaming all with Gems

He hurl'd to Earth and crush'd th' Imperial Crown,

Nor cou'd the Gods defend their Images,

Which with the gawdy Coach lay overturn'd;

'Twas not the Shaft of Love that did the feat,

Cupid had nothing there to do, but now

Two Wives he takes, two Rival Queens disturbs

The

ALEXANDER the Great

The Court; and while each hand do's Beauty hold, *Exit*
Where is there room for glory?

Heph. In his Heart.

Cly. Well said,

You are his favourite, and I had forgot
Who I was talking to. See *Sisigambis* comes
Reading a Letter to your Princess; go,
Now make your claim, while I attend the King.

Enter Sisigambis, Parisatis

Par. Did you not love my Father? *Yes, I see*
You did, his very Name but mention'd brings
The tears howe'er unwilling to your Eyes.

I lov'd him too, he would not thus have forc'd
My trembling heart, which your Commands may break,
But never bend.

Sys. Forbear thy lost Complaints;
Urge not a Suit which I can never grant;
Behold the Royal Signet of the King;
Therefore resolve to be *Hephestion's* Wife.

Par. No, since *Lysimachus* has won my heart,
My body shall be Ashes, e're another.

Sys. For sixty rowling years who ever stood
The shock of State so unconcern'd as I?

This whom I thought to Govern being young,
Heav'n, as a Plague to Power, has render'd strong;
Judge my distresses, and my temper prize;
Who, though unfortunate, wou'd still be wifer.

Lys. To let you know that Misery do's sway
An humbler Fate than yours, *sear at your Feet*
The lost *Lysimachus*: O mighty Queen
I have but this to beg, impartial stand;

And since *Hephestion* serves by your permission,
Disdain not me who ask your Royal leave
To cast a throbbing heart before her feet.

Heph. A Blessing like possession of the Princess,
No Services, not Crowns, nor all the blood
That circles in our Bodies can deserve,
Therefore I take all helps, much more the King's;
And what your Majesty vouchsaf'd so give,
Your word is past, where all my hopes must hang.

Lys. There perish too — all words want sense in Love;
But Love and I bring such a perfect Passion,
So nobly pure, 'tis worthy of her Eyes,
Which without blushing she may justly prize.

Heph. Such arrogance, should *Alexander* brook,

Then RIVAL QUEENS. Or

Wou'd lose him all the Conquest he has won; and while each strives to win the Crown; the Court is there room for both.

Lyf. Let not a Conquest once be nam'd by you,
Who this Dispute must to my mercy own.

Sys. Rise brave *Lyfismachus*, *Hephestion* rise,
'Tis true *Hephestion* first declar'd his Love;
And 'tis as true, I promis'd him my aid;
Your glorious King turn'd mighty Advocate,
How noble therefore were the Victory,
If we could vanquish this disordered Love?

Heph. 'Twill never be.

Lyf. No, I will yet love on,
And hear from *Alexander's* mouth, in what
Hephestion merits more than I.

Sys. I grieve,
And fear the boldness which your Love inspires;
But lest her sight should haste your Enterprize,
'Tis just I take the Object from your Eyes.

Lyf. She's gone, and see the day, as if her look
Had kindled it, is lost now she is vanished.

Heph. A sudden gloominess and horror comes
About me.

Lyf. Let's away to meet the King,
You know my suit.

Heph. Yonder *Cassander* comes,
He may inform us.

Lyf. No, I wou'd avoid him,
There's something in that busy Face of his
That shocks my Nature.

Heph. Where and what you please.

Enter Cassander.

Cass. The Morning rises black, the lowering Sun,
As it the dreadful business he foreknew,
Drives heavily his sable Chariot on:
The Face of Day now blushes Scarlet deep,
As if it fear'd the stroke which I intend;
Like that of *Jupiter* — Lightning and Thunder:
The Lords above are angry, and talk big;
Or rather walk the mighty Circle like Mourners
Clad in long Clouds, the Robes of thickest Night;
And seem to groan for *Alexander's* Fall;
'Tis as *Cassander's* Soul could wish it were,
Which whensoever it flies at lofty mischief
Wou'd startle Fate, and make all Heav'n concern'd.
A mad *Chaldean* in the dead of Night
Came to my Bed-Side with a flaming Torch;

And

And bellowing o're me like a Spirit damn'd,
He cry'd, Well had it been for *Pausanias*,
If curs'd *Cassander* never had been born.

Enter *Thessalus*, *Phillip*, with Letters.

Theff. My Lord *Cassander* !

Cass. Ha ! who's there ?

Phil. Your Friends.

Cass. Welcome dear *Thessalus* and Brother *Philip*.
Papers—— with what Contents ?

Phil. From *Macedon*,

A trusty Slave arriv'd —— great *Amper*

Writes that your Mother labour'd with you long,

Your Birth was slow, and slow is all your Life.

Cass. He writes, dispatch the King —— *Craterus* comes,

Who in my room must Govern *Macedon* ;

Let him not live a day —— he dies to night,

And thus my Father but forestalls my purpose ;

Why am I slow then ? if I rode on Thunder

I must a moment have to fall from Heaven,

Ere I could blast the growth of this *Celosus*.

Theff. The haughty *Polyperchon* comes this way,

A Male-content, one whom I lately wrought,

That for a slight affront, at *Susa* giv'n,

Bears *Alexander* most pernicious hate.

Cass. So when I mock'd the *Persians* that ador'd him,

He strook me on the Face, and by the Hair

He swung me to his Guards to be chastis'd ;

For which, and for my Father's weighty Cause,

When I abandon what I have resolv'd,

May I again be beaten like a Slave.

But lo, where *Polyperchon* comes, now fire him [Enter *Polyperchon*.

With such Complaints, that he may shoot to ruine.

Pol. Sure I have found those Friends dare second me ;

I hear fresh murmurs as I pass along,

Yet rather than put up, I'll do't alone.

Did not *Pausanias*, a Youth, a Stripling,

A beardless Boy swell'd with inglorious wrong,

For a less Cause his Father *Philip* kill ?

Peace then full Heart ! move like a Cloud about,

And when time ripens thee to break, O shed

The stock of all thy Poys'n on his head.

Cass. All Nations bow their heads with homage down,

And kiss the feet of this exalted Man ;

The Name, the Shout, the Blast from every Mouth

Is *Alexander* : *Alexander* bursts

Your Cheeks, and with a Crack so loud

6 The RIVAL QUEENS Or,

It drown's the Voice of Heaven, like *Philetas* saw,
The Earth's Commanders fawn, and follow him,
Mankind starts up to hear his Blasphemy,
And if this Hunter of the Barbarous World
But wind himself a God, you echo him
With universal Cry.

Pol. I ecchoe him?
I fawn, or fall like a fat Eastern Slave
And lick his feet? Boys hoot me from the Palace
To haunt some Cloister, with my feeblest walk,
When thus the noble Soul of *Polyperchon*
Lets go the aim of all his actions, Honour.

Thef. The King shall slay me, but me he shall
Ply me with Fire and Scauld, rack me with words
Than once he did *Philetas* ere I bow'd.

Cass. Curse on thy Tongue for mentioning *Philetas*,
I had rather thou hadst *Aristander* been
And to my Soul's Confusion rais'd up Hell
With all the Furies brooding upon his head,
Than brought *Philetas*'s Murder to remembrance.

Phil. I saw him rack'd, a sight to disfigure
My Eyes did ne're behold.

Cass. So dismal! Peace,
It is unutterable; let me stand
And think upon the Tragedy you saw
By *Mars* it comes, ay now the Rack's set forth
Bloody *Craterus* his inveterate Foe,
With piteous *Hephestion* standing by:
Philetas like an Angel seiz'd by fiends
Is straight disrob'd, a Napkin ties his Head,
His Warlike Arms with shameful Cords are bound,
And every Slave can now the valiant wound.

Pol. Now by the Soul of Royal *Philip* led
I dare pronounce young *Alexander*, who
Wou'd be a God, is cruel as a Devil.

Cass. Oh, *Polyperchon*, *Philip*, *Theffalus*,
Did not your Eyes rain Blood? your Spirits burst,
To see your noble Fellow-Souldier burn,
Yet without trembling, or a tear endure
The torments of the damn'd? O Barbarians,
Cou'd you stand by, and yet refuse to suffer?
Ye saw him bruise'd, torn, to the Bones made bare;
His Veins wide lanced, and the poor quivering flesh
With Pincers from his manly Bosome ript,
Till ye discover'd the great Heart lye panting.

Pol. Why kill'd we not the King to save *Philetas*?

Cass. Asses! Fools! but Asses will bray, and Fools be angry,

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

Why stood ye then like Statues? there's also cause
The horror of the fight had turn'd ye marble.
So the pale Trojans from their weeping Walls
Saw the dear body of the God-like Hector
Bloody and soil'd, dragg'd on the famous ground,
Yet senseless stood, nor with drawn weapons ran
To save the great Remains of that prodigious man.

Pol. Wretched Philotas bloody Alexander!

Thess. Soon after him the great Parmenio fell,
Stabb'd in his Orchard by the Tyrant's doom;
But where's the need to mention publick loss
When each receives particular disgrace?

Pol. Late I remember to a Banquet call'd
After Alcides Goblet swift had gone
The giddy round, and wine had made me bold,
Stirring the Spirits up to talk with Kings.

I saw Craterus with Hephæstion enter
In Persian Robes, to Alexander's health
They largely drank, then turning Eastward fell
Flat on the Pavement and ador'd the Sun.

Straight to the King they sacred Reverence gave
With solemn words, O Son of Thundering Jove
Young Ammon live for ever, then kiss't the ground:
I laugh'd aloud, and scoffing ask'd 'em why.

They kiss'd no harder; — but the King leap'd up
And spurn'd me to the Earth with this reply
Do thou, — whiff with his foot he peck'd my Neck
'Till from my Ears, my Nose and Mouth the blood

Gush'd forth, and I lay foaming on the Earth
For which I wish this Dagger in his heart.
Cass. There spake the Spirit of Cassander.

Remember he's a Man, his Flesh as soft
And penetrable as a Girl: we have seen him wounded,
A Stone has struck him, yet no Thunderbolt:
A Pebble fell'd this Jupiter along:

A Sword has cut him, a Javelin pierc'd him,
Water will drown him, Fire burn him,
A Sarfeit, nay, a fit of Common Sickness
Brings this Immortal to the Gate of Death.

Pol. Why shou'd we more delay the glorious business,
Are your hearts firm?
Phil. Hell cannot be more bent
To any ruine, than I to the King.

Thess. And I.
Pol. Behold my hand, and if you doubt my truth
Tear up my breast, and lay my heart upon it.
Cass. Joyn then, O worthy, hearty, noble hands
Fit Instruments for such Majestick Souls,

Remember *Hermolans*, and be high as the Sun.

Pol. Still, as the bosome of the desert Night,
As fatal Planets, or deep plotting Friends.

Cass. To day he comes from *Babylon* to *Susa*,
With proud *Roxana*.

Ha! who's that, — look here.

Enter the Ghost of King Philip, shaking a Truncheon at 'em, walks over the Stage.

Cass. Now by the Gods, or Furies which I ne're
Believ'd, — There's one of them arriv'd to shake us.
What art thou? glaring thing, speak, what the Spirit
Of our King *Philip*, or of *Polyphemus*?
Nay, hurl thy Truncheon, second it with Thunder,
We will abide: — *Theffalus*, saw you nothing?

Theff. Yes, and am more amaz'd than you can be.

Phil. 'Tis said that many Prodigies were seen.

This Morn, but none so horrible as this.

Pol. What can you fear? tho' the Earth yaw'd so wide

That all the Labours of the Deep were seen.

And *Alexander* stood on the other side.

I'd leap the burning Ditch to give him death,

Or sink myself for ever. Pray, to the bunkers.

Cass. As I was saying, this *Roxana* whom

To aggravate my hate to him, I love,

Meeting him as he came Triumphant from

The *Indies*, kept him revelling at *Susa*.

But as I found, a deep repentance since

Turns his affections to the Queen *Sisgambis*.

To whom he swore (before he cou'd espouse her)

That he wou'd never Bed *Roxana* more.

Pol. How did the Persian Queens receive the news

Of his Revolt?

Theff. With grief incredible:

Great *Sisgambis* wept, but the young Queen

Fell dead amongst her Maids,

Nor cou'd their care

With richest Cordials, for an hour or more

Recover Life.

Cass. Knowing how much she lov'd,

I hop'd to turn her all into *Medea*;

For when the first gust of her grief was past

I enter'd, and with breath prepar'd did blow

The dying sparks into a towering flame.

Describing the new love he beats *Roxana*,

Conceiving, not unlikely, that the Line

Of dead *Darius* in her Cause might rise.

Is any Panthers, Lionell's rage

ALEXANDER the Great.

9

So furious, any Torrents fall so swift
As a wrong'd womans hate? Thus far it helps
To give him troubles; which perhaps may end him;
And set the Court in universal uproar;
But see it rip'ns more than I expected,
The Scene works up, kill him, or kill thy self;
So there be mischief any way, 'tis well:
Now change the Vizor, every one disperse,
And with a face of Friendshid meet the King.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Sisigambis, Statira, Parisatis, Attendants.

Stat. Give me a Knife, a draught of Poyson, Flames;
Swell heart, break, break thou stubborn thing;
Now, by the sacred Fire, I'll not be held;
Why do ye wish me Life, yet stifle me
For want of air? pray give me leave to walk.

Sys. Is there no reverence to my Person due?
Darius wou'd have heard me; trust not rumour.

Stat. No, he hates,
He loaths the Beauties which he has enjoy'd,
O, he is false, that great, that glorious Man
Is Tyrant midst of his triumphant spoils,
Is bravely false to all the Gods, forsworn;
Yet, who would think it? no, it cannot be,
It cannot — What that dear Protesting Man!
He that has warm'd my Feet with thousand sighs,
Then cool'd 'em with his tears, dy'd on my Knees,
Outwept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
And groan'd and swore the wondring Stars away?

Sys. No, 'tis impossible, believe thy Mother,
That knows him well.

Stat. Away, and let me dye,
O 'tis my fondness, and my easie nature
That wou'd excuse him; but I know he's false,
'Tis now the common talk, the news o'th the World,
False to *Statira*, false to her that lov'd him.
That lov'd me, cruel Victor as he was,
And took him bath'd all o're in *Persian* blood;
Kiss'd the dear cruel Wounds, and wash'd 'em o're
And o're in Tears, — then bound 'em with my hair,
Laid him all night upon my panting Bosome
Lull'd like a Child, and hush'd him with my Songs.

Par. If this be true, ah, who will ever trust
A Man again?

Stat. A Man! a Man! my *Parisatis*,
Thus with thy hand held up, thus let me swear thee.

By the eternal Body of the Sun,
 Whose Body, O forgive the Blasphemy,
 I lov'd not half so well as the least part
 Of my dear precious faithless *Alexander*;
 For I will tell thee, and to warn thee of him,
 Not the Springs Mouth, nor Breath of *Jesamin*,
 Nor Violets Infant-Sweets, nor opening Buds,
 Are half so sweet as *Alexander's* Breast;
 From every Pore of him a Perfume falls,
 He kisses softer than a Southern Wind,
 Curles like a Vine, and touches like a God.

Syl. When will thy Spirits rest, these transports cease?

Stat. Will you not give me leave to warn my Sister?

As I was saying, — but I told his Sweetness;
 Then he will talk, good Gods how he will talk!
 Even when the Joy he sigh'd for is possess'd,
 He speaks the kindest words and looks such things,
 Vows with such Passion, swears with so much Grace,
 That 'tis a kind of Heaven to be deluded by him.

Par. But what was it that you would have me swear?

Stat. Alas, I had forgot, let me walk by.

And weep a while, and I shall soon remember.

Syl. Have patience Child, and give her Liberty;
 Passions like Seas will have their Ebbs and Flows:
 Yet while I see her thus, not all the Losses
 We have receiv'd since *Alexander's* Conquest
 Can touch my hardn'd Soul, her Sorrow reigns
 Too fully there.

Par. But what if she should kill her self?

Stat. *Roxana* then enjoys my perjur'd Love:

Roxana clasps my Monarch in her arms;
 Doats on my Conquerour, my dear Lord, my King,
 Devours my Lips, eats him with hungry kisses;
 She grasps him all, she, the curst happy she.
 By Heaven I cannot bear it, 'tis too much:
 I'll dye, or rid me of the burning torture.

I will have Remedy, I will, I will,
 Or go distracted; Madness may throw off
 The mighty Load, and drown the flaming Passion.
 Madam, draw near, with all that are in Presence,
 And list'n to the Vow which here I make.

Syl. Take heed my dear *Statira*, and consider
 What desperate Love enforces you to swear.

Stat. Pardon me, for I have considered well;
 And here I bid adieu to all Mankind.
 Farewel ye Coz'ners of the East Sex,
 And thou the greatest, fullest *Alexander*;

Farewel thou most belov'd, thou faithless Dear;

If I but mention him, the Tears will fall :

Sure there is not a Letter in his Name,

But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes.

Sys. Clear up thy Griefs, thy King, thy *Alexander*
Comes on to *Babylon*.

Stat. Why let him come,
Joy of all Eyes but the forlorn *Statira's*.

Sys. Wilt thou not see him ?

Stat. By Heaven I never will,
This is my Vow, my sacred Resolution ;

And when I break it. ———

Sys. Ah, do not ruine all.

Stat. May I again be flatter'd and deluded,

May sudden death and horrid, come instead

Of what I wish, and take me unprepar'd.

Sys. Still kneel, and with the same Breath call agen

The woful Imprecation thou hast made.

Stat. No, I will publish it through all the Court,

Then in the Bowers of great *Semiramis*

For ever lock my woes from humane view.

Sys. Yet be perswaded.

Stat. Never urge me more,

Left driven to rage, I should my Life abhor,

And in your presence put an end to all

The fast Calamities that round me fall.

Par. O angry Heaven what have the guiltless done ?

And where shall wretched *Parisatis* run ?

Sys. Captives in War, our Bodies we resign'd,

But now made free, Love does our Spirits bind.

Stat. When to my purpos'd Loneness I retire,

Your sight I through the Grates shall oft desire,

And after *Alexander's* Health enquire :

And if this Passion cannot be remov'd,

Ask how my Resolution he approv'd ?

How much he loves, how much he is belov'd :

Then when I hear that all things please him well,

Thank the good Gods, and hide me in my Cell.

[Exit]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Noise of Trumpets sounding far off.

The Scene draws, and discovers a Battle of Crows; or Ravens in the Air; an Eagle and a Dragon meet and fight; the Eagle drops down with all the rest of the Birds, and the Dragon flies away. Soldiers walk off shaking their Heads. The Conspirators come forward.

Cass. HE comes, the fatal Glory of the World,
The headlong *Alexander*, with a Guard
Of thronging Crowns comes on to *Babylon*,
Though warn'd, in spite of all the Pow'rs above,
Who by these Prodigies foretel his Ruine.

Pol. Why all this noise, because a King must die?
Or do's Heaven fear because he sway'd the Earth,
His Ghost will war with the high Thunderer?
Curse on the babling Fates that cannot see
A great Man tumble, but they must be talking.

Cass. The Spirit of King *Philip*, in those Arms
We saw him wear, pass'd groaning through the Courts;
His dreadful Eye-balls rowl'd their horror upwards;
He wav'd his arms, and shook his wondrous head.
I've heard, that at the crowing of the Cock
Lions will roar, and Goblins steal away;
But this Majestick Air stalks stedfast on
Spight of the Morn that calls him from the East,
Nor minds the op'ning of the Iv'ry Door.

Phil. 'Tis certain, there was never day like this.

Cass. Late as I musing walk'd behind the Palace,
I met a monstrous Child, that with his hands
Held to his Face, which seem'd all over Eyes,
A Silver Bowl, and woe it full of Blood:
But having spy'd me, like a Cocatrice,
He glar'd a while; then with a shriek so shrill
As all the Winds had whistled from his Mouth,
He dash'd me with the Gore he held, and vanished.

Pol. That which befell me, though 'twas horrid, yet
When I consider, it appears ridiculous;
For, as I pass'd through a by vacant place,
I met two Women very old and ugly,
That wrung their hands, and howl'd, and beat their breasts;

And

And cry'd out Poyson : when I askt the Cause,
They took me by the Ears, and with strange force
Held me to the Earth, then laugh'd and disappear'd.

Cass. O how I love destruction with a Method
Which none discern, but those that weave the Plot :
Like Silk-worms we are hid in our own *Web*,
But we shall burst at last through all the Strings ;
And when time calls, come forth in a new Form ;
Not Insects to be trod, but Dragons wing'd.

Theff. The Face of all the Court is strangely alter'd :
There's not a *Persian* I can meet but stares
As if he were distracted. *Oxyartes*
Statira's Uncle openly declaim'd
Against the Perjury of *Alexander*.

Phil. Others, more fearful, are remov'd to *Susa*,
Dreading *Roxana's* Rage, who comes i'th Rear
To *Babylon*.

Cass. It glads my rising Soul
That we shall see him rack't before he dies :
I know he loves *Statira* more than Life,
And on a Crowd of Kings in Triumph born :
Comes, big with Expectation, to enjoy her.
But when he hears the Oaths which she has ta'ne,
Her last adieu made publick to the World,
Her vow'd divorce, how will remorse consume him ?
Prey, like the Bird of Hell, upon his Liver ?

Pol. To bawk his Longing and delude his Lust,
Is more than Death, 'tis Earnest for Damnation.

Cass. Then comes *Roxana*, who must help our Party ;
I know her jealous, bloody, and ambitious.
Sure 'twas the likeness of her heart to mine,
And Sympathy of Natures caus'd me love her :
'Tis fixt, I must enjoy her, and no way
So proper as to make her guilty first.

Pol. To see two Rival Queens of different humours,
With a variety of Torments vex him.

Cass. Of that anon ; but see *Lyfimachus*
And the young Favourite ; sort, sort your selves,
And like to other mercenary Souls
Adore this Mortal God, that soon must bleed.

Lyf. Here I will wait the King's approach, and stand
His utmost anger if he do me wrong.

Heph. That cannot be, from Power so absolute
And high as his.

Lyf. Well, you and I have done.

Pol. How the Court thickens !

Cass. Nothing to what it will, — Does he not come

[Enter *Lyf.* *Heph.*

[Trumpets sound.

To

To hear a thousand thousand Embassies,
Which from all parts to *Babylon* are brought,
As if the Parliament of the whole World had met
Had met ; and he came on a God, to give
The infinite Assembly glorious audience.

Enter Clytus, Aristander in his Robes, with a Wand.

Arist. Hasten Reverend *Clytus*, hasten, and stop the King.

Cly. He is already entered : then the Priests
Of Princes that attend so thick about him
Keep all that wou'd approach at certain distance.

Ar. Though he were hem'd with Deities I'de speak to him,
And turn him back from this high way to Death.

Cly. Here place your self within his Trumpets sound.
Lo, the *Chaldean* Priests appear, behold
The sacred Fire, *Nearchus* and *Eumenes*
With their white Wands, and drest in Eastern Robes,
To soothe the King, who loves the Persian mode :
But see the Master of the World appears.

Enter Alexander, all kneel but Clytus.

Heph. O Son of *Jupiter* live for ever.

Alex. Rise all, and thou my second self, my Love ;
O my *Hephestion*, raise thee from the Earth
Up to my Breast, and hide thee in my Heart,
Art thou grown cold ? why hang thine arms at distance ?
Hugg me, or else by Heaven thou lov'st me not.

Heph. Not love, my Lord ? break not the Heart you fram'd
And moulded up to such an Excellence ;
Then stamp'd on it your own Immortal Image.
Not love the King ? Such is not Woman's Love,
So fond a Friendship, such a sacred flame,
As I must doubt to find in Breasts above.

Alex. Thou dost, thou lov'st me, Crown of all my Wars,
Thou dearer to me than my Groves of Lawrel,
I know thou lov'st thy *Alexander* more
Than *Clytus* doth the King : no tears *Hephestion*,
I read thy Passion in thy Manly Eyes ;
And glory in those Planets of my Life
Above the Rival Lights that shine in Heaven.

Lys. I see that Death must wait me, yet I'll on.

Alex. I'll tell thee Friend, and mark it all ye Princes,
Though never mortal Man arriv'd to such
A height as I, yet I wou'd forfeit all ;
Cast all my Purples, and my conquer'd Crowns,

And dye to save this Darling of my Soul.
Give me thy Hand, share all my Scepters while
I live; and when my hour of Fate is come,
I leave thee, what thou meritest more than I, the World.

Lys. Dread Sir, I cast me at your Royal Feet.

Alex. What, my *Lysimachus*, whose Veins are rich
With our Illustrious Blood? My Kinsman, rise;
Is not that *Clytus*?

Clyt. Your old faithful Souldier.

Alex. Come to my hands, thus double Arm the King:

And now methinks I stand like the Dread God,
Who while his Priests and I quaff'd sacred Blood,
Acknowledge'd me his Son. My Lightning thou;
And thou my Mighty Thunder, — I have seen
Thy glittering Sword outfly Celestial Fire:
And when I cry'd, be gone, and execute,
I've seen him run swifter than starting Hinds,
Nor bent the tender Grass beneath his Feet:
Swifter than Shadows fleeting o'er the Fields,
Nay, even the Winds, with all their Stock of Wings,
Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him.

Lys. But if your Majesty —

Clyt. Who would not loose

The last dear drop of Blood for such a King?

Alex. Witness my Elder Brothers of the Skies,
How much I love a Souldier. — O my *Clytus*,
Was it not when we pass'd the *Granicus*?
Thou didst preserve me from unequal force?

It was when *Spirbridates* and *Rhesaces*,
Fell both upon me with two dreadful strokes,
And clove my temper'd Helmet quite in sunder;
Then I remember, then thou didst me Service:
I think my Thunder split him to the Navel.

Clyt. To your great Self you owe that Victory,
And sure your Arms did never gain a nobler.

Alex. By Heaven they never did, for well thou knowest;
And I am prouder to have pass'd that Stream,
Than that I drove a Million o'er the Plain.
Can none remember? Yes, I know all must,
When Glory, like the Dazling Eagle, stood
Perch'd on my Beaver in the *Granick* Flood;
When *Fortun's* self my Standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frightened on the Shore,
When the Immortals on the Billows rode,
And I my self appear'd the Leading God.

Arist. But all the Honours which your Youth has won
Are lost unless you fly from *Babylon*:
Haste with your *Chiefs*, to *Susa* take your way,

Fly

Fly for your Life, destructive is your stay;
This Morning having view'd the angry Skie,
And mark'd the Prodigies that threatned high,
To our bright God-I did for Succour fly;
But, Oh —

Alex. What Fears thy Reverend Bosome shake?
Or dost thou from some Dream of Horrour wake?
If so, come grasp me with thy shaking Hand,
Or fall behind, while I the danger stand.

Arist. To *Oresmades* Cave I did repair,
Where I atton'd the dreadful God with Prayer:
But as I pray'd, I heard long Groans within,
And shrieks, as of the Damnd that howl for Sin:
I knew the *Omen*, and I fear'd to stay,

But prostrate on the trembling Pavement lay:
When he bodes Happinefs, he answers mild,
'Twas so of old, and the great Image smil'd;
But now in abrupt Thunder he reply'd
Loud as Rent Rocks, or roaring Seas he cry'd,
All Empires Crown, Glory of *Babylon*,
Whose Head stands wrap'd in Clouds, must tumble down.

Alex. If *Babylon* must fall, what is't to me?
Or Can I help immutable Decree?
Down then vast Frame with all thy *Lost Towers*,
Since 'tis so order'd by Almighty Powers,
Press'd by the Fates, unloose your golden Bars,
'Tis great to fall the Envy of the Stars.

Enter *Perdiccas*, *Meleager*.

Mele. O Horrour!

Perd. Dire Portents!

Alex. Out with 'em then,

What, are ye Ghosts, ye empty shapes of Men?
If so, the Mysteries of Hell unfold,
Be all the Scrowls of Destiny unroll'd?
Open the brazen Leaves, and let it come;
Point with a Tunder-bolt your Monarch's Doom.

Perd. As *Meleager* and my Self in Field,
Your *Persian* Horse about the Army wheel'd:
We heard a noise as of a rushing Wind,
And a thick storm the Eye of day did blind:
A croaking Noise resounded through the Air,
We look'd, and saw big Ravens battling there:
Each Bird of Night appear'd himself a Cloud,
They met and fought, and their Wounds rain'd black blood.

Mele. All, as for Honour did their Lives expose,
Their Talons clasp'd, and Beaks gave mighty blows,

Whirl

Whiff dreadful sounds did our fear'd sense assail,
As of small Thunder, or huge *Scythian* Hail;
Perd. Our Augurs shook, when with a horrid groan,
We thought that all the Clouds had tumbld down,
Souldiers, and Chiefs, who can the wonder tell,
Strook to the ground, promiscuously fell;
While the dark Birds, each pond'rous as a Shield,
For fifty Furlongs hid the fatal Field.

Alex. Be witness for me, all ye Powers Divine,
If ye be angry, 'tis no fault of mine;
Therefore let Furies face me, with a Band
From Hell, my Virtue shall not make a stand;
Though all the Curtains of the skie be drawn,
And the Stars wink, young *Ammon* shall go on;
While my *Statira* shines, I cannot stray,
Love lifts his Torch to light me on my way,
And her bright Eyes create another Day.

Lys. E're you remov'd be pleas'd, dread Sir, to hear
A Prince ally'd to you by Blood.

Alex. Speak quickly.

Lys. For all that I have done for you in War,
I beg, the Princess *Parisatis*.

Alex. Ha, —
Is not my word already past? *Hephestion*,
I know he hates thee, but he shall not have her;
We heard of this before. — *Lyfimachus*,
I here command, you nourish no design,
To perjurice my Person in the Man
I love, and will prefer to all the World.

Lys. I never fail'd to obey your Majesty,
Whi'ft you commanded what was in my power,
Nor cou'd *Hephestion* fly more swift to serve,
When you commanded us to storm a Town,
Or fetch a Standard from the Enemy;
But when you charge me not to love the Princess,
I must confess, I disobey you, as
I wou'd the Gods themselves, should they command.

Alex. You shou'd, brave Sir, hear me, and then be dumb,
When by my order, curst *Calisthenes*,
Was as a Traitor doom'd to live in torments:
Your pity sped him in despite of me;
Think not I have forgot your insolence;
No, though I pardon'd it, yet if again
Thou dare'st to cross me with another Crime,
The Bolts of fury shall be doubled on thee.
In the mean time think not of *Parisatis*;
For if thou dost, by *Jupiter Ammon*,

By my own Head, and by King Philip's Soul,
Ple not respect that Blood of mine thou shar'st;
But use thee as the vilest Macedonian.

Lys. I doubted not at first but I shou'd meet
Your indignation, yet my Soul's resolv'd,
And I shall never quit so brave a prize,
While I can draw a Bow, or lift a Sword.

Alex. Against my life, ha? was it so? how now?
'Tis said that I am rash, of hasty humour;
But I appeal to the Immortal Gods,
If ever petty poor Provincial Lord
Had temper like to mine? My Slave, whom I
Cou'd tread to Clay, dares utter bloody threats.

Clyr. Contain your self, dread Sir, the noble Prince,
I see it in his Countenance, would dye,
To justifie his truth, but love makes many faults.

Lys. I meant his Minion there should feel my Arm,
Love asks his blood, nor shall he live to laugh
At my destruction.

Alex. Now be thy own Judge,
I pardon thee for my old *Clytus's* sake;
But if once more thou mention thy rash Love,
Or dare'st attempt *Hephestion's* precious Life,
Ple pour such storms of indignation on thee,
Philotas rack, *Calisthenes* disgrace,
Shall be delight to what thou shalt endure.

Enter Sylligambis, Parisatis.

Heph. My Lord, the Queen comes to congratulate
Your safe arrival.

Alex. O thou best of Women,
Source of my joy, blest Parent of my Love.

Sys. Permit me kneel, and give those adorations
Which from the *Persian* Family are due:
Have you not rais'd us from our ruines high,
And when no Hand cou'd help, nor any Eye
Behold us with a Tear, your's pittied me
You, like a God, snatch'd us from sorrow's Gulph,
Fixt us in Thrones above our former state.

Par. Which, when a soul forgets, advanc'd so nobly,
May it be drown'd in deeper misery.

Alex. To meet me thus, was generously done;
But still there wants to crown my happiness,
Life of my Empire, Treasure of my Soul!
My dear *Statira*! O that Heavenly Beam,
Warmth of my Brain, and Eiscr of my Heart;

Had she but shot to see me, had she met me,
By this time I had been amongst the Gods;
If any Ecstasie can make a height,
Or any Rapture hurle us to the Heavens.

Clyt. Now, who shall dare to tell him the Queens Vow?

Alex. How fares my Love? ha, — neither answer me!
Ye raise my wonder, Darkness overwhelm me
If Royal *Syfigambis* does not weep.

Trembling, and horroir, pierce me cold as Ice;
Is she not well? what, none, none, answer me?
Or is it worse? Keep down ye rising Sighs,
And murmur in the hollow of my Breasts;
Run to my Heart, and gather more sad wind;
That when the voice of Fate shall call you forth,
Ye may, at one rush, from the Seat of Life,
Blow the Blood out, and burst me like a Bladder.

Heph. I wou'd relate it, but my courage fails me.

Alex. If she be dead, — That it's impossible;
And let none here affirm it for his Soul:
For he that dares but think so damn'd a Lye,
I'll have his body straight empal'd before me;
And glut my Eyes upon his bleeding Entrails.

Cass. How will this Engine of unruly Passion
Roar, when we have ram'd him to the mouth with Poyson

Alex. Why stand you all, as you were rooted here,
Like senseless Trees, while to the stupid Grove
I, Like a wounded Lion, groan my griefs,
And none will answer, — what, not my *Hephestion*?
If thou hast any love for *Alexander*,
If ever I oblig'd thee by my care
When my quick sight has watch'd thee in the war;
Or if to see thee bleed I sent forth cryes,
And, like a Mother, wash'd thee with my tears.
If this be true, if I deserve thy Love,
Ease me, and tell the cause of my disaster.

Heph. Your mourning Queen, (which I had told before,
Had you been calm,) has no Disease but Sorrow;
Which was occasion'd first by jealous pangs;
She heard, (for what can scape a watchful Lover?)
That you at *Susa*, breaking all your Vows,
Relaps, and conquer'd by *Roxana's* Charms,
Gave up your self devoted to her Arms.

Alex. I know that subtle Creature in my Riot,
My Reason gone, seduc'd me to her Bed;
But when I wak'd I shook the Circle off,
Though that Enchantress held me by the Arm,
And wept, and gaz'd with all the force of Love;

Nor griev'd I less for that which I had done, than when at *Thais* suit, enrag'd with Wine, I set the fam'd *Persepolis* on Fire.

Heph. Your Queen *Statira* took it so to heart; That, in the Agony of Love, she swore Never to see your Majesty again; With dreadful Imprecations she confirm'd Her Oath, and I much fear that she will keep it.

Alex. Ha! did she swear? did that sweet Creature swear? I'll not believe it, no, she is all softness, All melting, mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant; Nor can you wake her into cries; by Heaven, She is the Child of Love, and she was born in smiles.

Par. I, and my weeping Mother, heard her swear.

Syl. And with such fierceness she did aggravate The foulness of your fault, that I cou'd wish Your Majesty wou'd blot her from your breast.

Alex. Blot her? forget her? hurle her from my bosom? For ever, lose the Star that guilds my Life, Guide of my Days, and Goddess of my Nights! No, she shall stay with me in spite of Vows, My soul, and body both are twist'd with her; The God of Love empties his golden Quiver, Shoots every Grain of her into my heart; She is all mine, by Heaven I feel her here Panting, and warm, the dearest, O *Statira*!

Syl. Have patience, Son, and trust to Heaven and Me! If my authority, or the remembrance Of dead *Darius*, or her Mothers Soul Can work upon her, she again is yours.

Alex. O, Mother help me, help your wounded Son, And move the Soul of my offended Dear; But fly, haste, ere the sad Procession's made. Spend not a thought in a Reply. — Be gone, If you wou'd have me live — and *Parisatis*, Hang thou about her Knees, wash 'em with tears. Nay haste, the breath of Gods, and Eloquence Of Angels go along with you — O my heart!

Syl. Now let your Majesty, who feel the Torments, And sharpest Pangs of Love, encourage mine.

Alex. Ha. —

Clyr. Are you a Madman? is this a time? *Syl.* Yes, for I see he cannot be unjust to me, Let something worse befall himself.

Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus, to thy undoing? Death thou should'st have, were it not count'd for; But know to thy confusion, that my word

Like destiny, admits not a reverse;
Therefore, in Chains thou shalt behold the Nuptials
Of my *Hephestion*. — Guards take him Prisoner.

Lys. I shall not easily resign my Sword,
'Till I have dy'd it in my Rivals blood.

Alex. I charge you kill him not, take him alive;
The dignity of Kings is now concern'd,
And I will find a way to tame this Beast.

Clyt. Kneel, for I see Lightning in his Eyes.

Lys. I neither hope nor ask a pard'n of him;
But if he shou'd restore my Sword, I wou'd,
With a new violence, run against my Rival.

Alex. Sure we, at last, shall conquer this fierce Lion:
Hence from my sight, and bear him to a Dungeon;
Perdicas give this Lion to a Lion;
None speak for him, fy, stop his Mouth, away.

Clyt. The King's extremity mov'd.

Eum. I dare not speak.

Clyt. This comes of Love and Women, 'tis all madness;
Yet were I heated now with Wine, I shou'd
Be preaching to the King for this rash Fool.

Alex. Come hither *Clytus*, and my dear *Hephestion*;
Lend me your Arms, help, for I'm sick o'th sudden:
I fear betwixt *Statira's* cruel Love,

And fond *Roxana's* Arts, your King will fall.

Clyt. Better the Persian Race were all undone.

Heph. Look up, my Lord, and bend not thus your Head;
As if you wou'd leave the Empire of the World
Which you with Toil have won.

Alex. Wou'd I had not,
There's no true joy in such unweildy Fortune.
Eternal gazers lasting troubles make,
All find my spots, but few my brightness take.
Stand off, and give me air.

Why was I born a Prince, proclaim'd a God?
Yet have no Liberty to look abroad?
Thus Palaces in prospect, as the Eye,
Which pleas'd and free, wou'd ore the Cottage fly;

O're flow'ry Lands to the gay distant Sky;
Farewel then Empire, and the Racks of Love;
By all the Gods, I will to Wilds remove,
Stretch'd like a *Sylvan* God on Grass lye down,
And quite forget that e're I wore a Crown.

ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Eumenes, Phillip, Theſſalus, Perdiccas,
Lyſimachus, and Guards.

Eum. Farewell, brave Spirit, when you come above,
Commend us to *Philotas*, and the reſt; and bid them
Of our great Friends.

Theſ. Perdiccas, you are grown
In truſt, be thankful for your noble Office.

Perd. As noble as you ſentence me, I'd give
This arm that *Theſſalus* were ſo imploy'd.

Lyſ. Cease theſe untimely jars, farewell to all,
Fight for the King as I have done, and then
You may be worthy of a Death like mine. — Lead on.

Enter *Parſifatis*.

Par. Ah my *Lyſimachus*, where are you going?
Whither? to be devoured? O barbarous Prince!
Cou'd you expoſe your Life to the King's Rage,
And yet remember mine was ty'd to yours?

Lyſ. The Gods preſerve you ever from the ill
That threaten me; live, Madam, to enjoy
A nobler Fortune, and forget this wretch:
I ne're had worth, nor is it poſſible
That all the blood which I ſhall looſe this day
Shou'd merit this rich ſorrow from your Eyes.

Par. The King I know is bent to thy Deſtruction:
Now by command they forc'd me from his Knees:
But take this ſatisfaction in thy death,
No Power, Command, my Mother's, Siſter's tears,
Shall cauſe me to ſurvive thy cruel Loſs.

Lyſ. Live, Princeſs, live; howe're the King diſdains me,
Perhaps unarm'd, and fighting for your ſake,
I may perform what ſhall amaze the World,
And force him yet to give you to my Arms:
Away *Perdiccas*; — dear *Eumenes*, take
The Princeſs to your Charge. [Exeunt. Perd. Lyſ. Guards.

Eum. O cruelty!

Par. Lead me, *Eumenes*, lead me from the Light,
Where I may wait till I his ruine hear,
Then free my Soul to meet him in the Air.

[Exeunt.
Phil.

Phil. See where the jealous proud *Roxana* comes, as I imagined you did not
A haughty Vengeance gathers up her brow.

Thef. Peace, they have rais'd her to their Ends; observe.

Enter Roxana, Cassander, Polipercon.

Rox. O you have ruin'd me, I shall be mad;
Said you so passionately, is't possible?
So kind to her, and so unkind to me?

Cas. More than your utmost Fancy can invent;
He swooned thrice at hearing of her Vow,
And when our Care as oft had brought back Life,
He drew his Sword, and offer'd at his breast.

Pol. Then rail'd on you with such unheard of Curfes!

Rox. Away, be gone, and give a Whirlwind Room,
Or I will blow you up like Dust; ayaunt:
Madness but meanly represents my toyl.

Roxana and *Statira*, they are Names

That must for ever jar; eternal Discord,

Fury, Revenge, Dildain, and Indignation

Tear my swoll'n Breast, make way for fire and Tempest:

My brain is burst, debate and reason quench'd,

The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart

Splits with the Rack, while Passions like the Winds.

Rise up to Heaven and put out all the Stars.

What saving hand, O what Almighty arm

Can raise me sinking?

Cas. Let your own arm save you,

'Tis in your power, your Beauty is Almighty:

Let all the Stars go out, your Eyes can light 'em:

Wake then, bright Planet that shou'd Rule the World,

Wake like the Moon, from your too long Eclipse,

And we with all the Instruments of War,

Trumpets and Drums will help your glorious Labour.

Pol. Put us to act, and with a Violence,

That fits the Spirit of a most wrong'd woman:

Let not *Medea's* dreadful vengeance stand

A Pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,

It may for ever be Original.

Cas. Touch not, but dash with strokes so bravely bold,

'Till you have form'd a face of so much horror,

That gaping Furies may run frighted back;

That Envy may devour her self for Madness,

And sad *Medusa's* Head be turn'd to stone.

Rox. Yes, we will have Revenge, my Instruments:

For there is nothing you have said of me,

But comes far short, wanting of what I am,

When in my nonage I at *Zogdia* liv'd,
 Amongst my she-companions I wou'd reign;
 Drew 'em from idleness, and little arts
 Of coining looks, and laying snares for Lovers;
 Broke all their Glasses, and their Tires tore:
 Taught 'em, like *Amazons*, to ride and chase
 Wild Beasts in Defarts, and to Master men.

Caf. Her locks, her words, her ev'ry motion fires me.

Rex. But when I heard of *Alexander's* Conquests,
 How with a handfull he had Millions slain,
 Spoil'd all the East, their Queens his Captives made,
 Yet with what Chastity, and God-like temper
 He saw their Beauties, and with pity bow'd
 Methought I hung upon my Father's lips,
 And wish'd him tell the wondrous tale again!
 Left all my sports, the Woman now return'd,
 And sighs uncalls'd wou'd from my bosom fly:
 And all the night, as my *Adraste* told me,
 In slumbers groan'd and murmur'd, *Alexander*.

Caf. Curse on the name! but I will soon remove
 That bar of my Ambition and my Love.
Rex. At last to *Zogdia* this Triumpher came,
 And cover'd o're with Laurels forc'd our City:
 At night I by my father's order stood,
 With fifty Virgins waiting at a Banquet,
 But oh how glad was I to hear his Court,
 To feel the pressure of his glowing hand,
 And taste the dear, the false-protelling lips.

Caf. Wormwood & Hemlock henceforth grow about 'em.

Rex. Gods! that a Man should be so great and base!
 What said he not when in the Bridal Bed,
 He clasp'd my yielding Body in his Arms:
 When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,
 And moulding with his hand my throbbing Breast,
 He swore the Globes of Heaven and Earth were vile
 To those rich Worlds; and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd
 And made me shame the Morning with my blushes.

Caf. Yet after this prove false!

Pol. Horrid Perjury!

Caf. Not to be match'd.

Pol. O you must find revenge.

Caf. A Person of your Spirit be thus slighted!
 For whose desire all Earth should be too little.

Rex. And shall the Daughter of *Darius* hold him?
 That puny Girl, that Ape of my Ambition?
 That cry'd for Milk when I was nurs'd in blood!
 Shall she, made up of watry Element,

A Cloud, shall she embrace my proper God;
While I am cast like Lightning from his hand;
No I must scorn to prey on common things;
Though hurl'd to Earth by this disdainful Jove,
I will rebound to my own Orb of Fire,
And with the wrack of all the Heav'ns expire.

Cas. Now you appear your self;
Tis noble anger.

Rox. May the Illustrious blood that fills my womb,
And ripens to be Perfect Godhead born,
Come forth a Fury, may *Barfina's* Bastard
Tread it to Hell, and rule as Sovereign Lord;
When I permit *Statira* to enjoy
Roxana's right, and strive not to destroy.

Enter Sylligambis, Statira, in mourning.

Cas. Behold her going to fulfill her Vow;
Old *Sylligambis* whom the King engag'd;
Resists and awes her with Authority.

Rox. 'Twas rashly vow'd indeed, and I shou'd pity her.

Syl. O my *Statira*, how has passion chang'd thee;
Think if thou drive the King to such extreams,
What in his fury may he not denounce
Against the poor remains of lost *Darius*?

Stat. I know, I know he will be kind to you;
And to my mourning Sister for my sake;
And tell him, how with my departing breath
I rail'd not, but spoke kindly of his person,
Nay wept to think of our divided Loves,
And sobbing sent a last forgiveness to him.

Rox. Grant Heav'n, some ease to this distracted wretch;
Let her not linger out a life in torments;
Be these her last words, and at once dispatch her.

Syl. No, by the Everlasting fire I swear,
By my *Darius* Soul, I never more
Will dare to look on *Alexander's* face;
If you refuse to see him.

Rox. Curse on that cunning tongue, I fear her now.

Cas. No, she's resolv'd.

Stat. I cast me at your feet;
To bath 'em with my tears, or if you please,
I'll let out life and wash 'em with my blood;
But still conjure you not to rack my Soul;
Nor hurry my wild thoughts to perfect madness;
Shou'd now *Darius* awful Ghost appear,
And my pale Mother stand beseeching by,
I wou'd persist to death, and keep my Vow.

Rox. She shows a certain bravery of Soul,
Which I shou'd praise in any but my Rival.

Sys. Dye then, rebellious wretch, thou art not now
That soft belov'd, nor dost thou share my blood.
Go hide thy baseness in thy lovely Groe,
Ruine thy Mother, and thy Royal House,
Pernicious Creature! shed the innocent
Blood and Sacrifice to the King's worth
The lives of all thy people: fly, be gone,
And hide thee were bright Virue never shone:
The day will shun thee, nay the Stars that view
Mischiefs and Murders, deeds to thee not new,
Will start at this; — Go, go, thy crimes deplore,
And never think of *Syfigambis* more.

Rox. Madam, I hope you will a Queen forgive,
Roxana weeps to see *Statira* grieve:

How noble is the brave resolve you make,
To quit the world for *Alexander's* sake?
Vast is your mind, you dare thus greatly dye,
And yield the King to one so mean as I:
Tis a revenge will make the Victor smart,
And much I fear your death will break his heart.

Stat. You counterfeit a fear, and know too well
How much your Eyes all Beauties else excell:
Roxana, who though not a Princess born,
In chains cou'd make the mighty Victor mourn.
Forgetting pow'r when Wine had made him warm,
And senseless, yet even then you knew to charm:
Preserve him by those arts that cannot fail,
While I the loss of what I lov'd bewail.

Rox. I hope your Majesty will give me leave,
To wait you to the Grove, where you would grieve:
Where like the Turtle, you the loss will moan,
Of that dear Mate, and murmur all alone.

Stat. No, prond Triumpher o're my falling state,
Thou shalt not stay to fill thee with my Fate:
Go to the Conquest which your wiles may boast,
And tell the world you left *Statira* lost.
Go seize my faithless *Alexander's* hand,
Both hand and heart were once at my command:
Grasp his lov'd neck, dye on his fragrant breast,
Love him like me, which cannot be express'd,
He must be happy, and you more then blest:
While I in darkness hide me from the day,
That with my mind I may his form survey,
And think so long, till I think life away.

Rox.

Rox. No, sickly Virtue, nor thy Loves loss bemoan,
Thou shalt not think, nor thy Loves loss bemoan,
Nor shall past pleasures through thy fancy run:
That were to make thee blest as I can be,
But thy no thought I must, I will decree
As thus Ple torture thee till thou art mad,
And then no thought to purpose, can be had.

Stat. How frail, how cowardly is woman's mind?
We shriek at Thunder' dread the rustling wind,
And glittering Swords the brightest eyes will blind.
Yet when strong Jealousie enflames the Soul,
The weak will roar, and Calms to Tempests roul.
Rival, take heed, and tempt me not too far,
My blood may boyl, and Blushes shew a war.

Rox. When you retire to your *Romantick* Cell,
Ple make, thy solitary Mansion Hell,
Thou shalt not rest by day nor sleep by night,
But still *Roxana* shall thy Spirit fright:
Wanton' in Dreams, if thou dar'st dream of bliss,
Thy roving Ghost may think to steal a kiss,
But when to his sought Bed, thy wandering air
Shall for the happiness it wish'd repair,
How will it groan to find thy Rival there?
How ghastly wilt thou look, when thou shalt see,
Through the drawn Curtains, that Great man and me,
Wearied with laughing joys, shot to the Soul,
While thou shalt grinning stand, & gnash thy teeth, and howl.

Stat. O barb'rous rage! my tears I cannot keep,
But my full Eyes in spight of me will weep.

Rox. The King and I in various Pictures drawn,
Clasping each other, shaded o're with Lawn,
Shall be the daily Presents I will send,
To help thy sorrow to her Journeys end.
And when we hear at last thy hour draws nigh,

My *Alexander*, my dear Love and I,
Will come and hasten on thy ling'ring Fates,
And smile, and kiss thy Soul out, through the Grates.

Stat. 'Tis well I thank thee? thou hast wak'd a rage,
Whose boiling now no temper can allwage:
I meet thy tides of Jealousie with more,
Dare thee to dwell, and dash thee o're and o're,

Rox. What Would'st thou dare?

Stat. Whatever you dare do,
My warring thoughts the bloudest tracts pursue,
I am by Love a Fury made, like you:
Kill or be kill'd thus acted by despair.

Rox. Sure the disdain'd *Statira* does not dare.

Stat. Yes, tow'ring proud *Roxana*, but I dare
Rox. I tow'r indeed o'er thee;
 Like a fair Wood, the shade of Kings I stand;
 While thou sick Weed dost but infect the Land.
Stat. No, like an Ivy I will curl thee round,
 Thy sapless Trunk of all its pride confound,
 Then dry and wither'd, bend thee to the Ground.
 What *Syfgambis* threats, objected fears,
 My Sister's sighs, and *Alexander's* tears,
 Cou'd not effect, thy Rival rage has done;
 My Soul, whose start at breach of Oaths begin,
 Shall to thy ruine violated run,
 I'll see the King in spite of all I swore,
 Though curst, that thou may'st never see him more.

Enter *Perdiccas*, *Alexander*, *Syfgambis*, *Attendants*, &c.

Perd. Madam, your Royal Mother, and the King,
Alex. O my *Statira*! O my angry Dear,
 Turn thine Eyes on me, I wou'd talk to them.
 What shall I say to work upon thy Soul?
 Where shall I throw me? whether shall I fall?
Stat. For me you shall not fall.
Alex. For thee I will:
 Before thy feet I'll have a Grave dug up,
 And perish quick, be buried straight alive:
 Give but as the Earth grows heavy on me,
 A tender look, and a relenting word,
 Say but 'twas pity that so Great a man,
 Who had ten thousand Deaths in Battels scap'd,
 For one poor fault so early shou'd remove,
 And fall a Martyr to the God of Love.

Rox. Is then *Roxana's* Love and Life so poor,
 That for another you can chuse to dye,
 Rather than live for her? what have I done?
 How am I alter'd since at *Susa* last
 You swore, and seal'd it with a thousand kisses,
 Rather than lose *Roxana's* smallest Charm,
 You wou'd forgo the Conquest of the World?

Alex. Madam, you best can tell what Magick drew
 Me to your Charms, but let it not be told
 For your own sake; take, take that Conquer'd World,
 Dispose of Crowns and Scepters as you please,
 Let me but have the Freedom for an hour,
 To make account with this wrong'd Innocence.

Stat. You know my Lord, you did commit a Fault,
 I ask but this, repeat your Crime no more.

Alex. O never, never.

Rox. Am I rejected then ?

Alex. Exhaust my Treasures,

Take all the Spoils of the far conquer'd *Indies*;
But for the ease of my afflicted Soul,
Go where I never may behold thee more.

Rox. Yes, I will go, ungrateful as thou art !
Bane to my Life ! thou torment of my days !
Thou murderer of the World ! for as thy Sword
Hath cut the Lives of thousand thousand Men,
So will thy tongue undo all woman-kind.

But I'll be gone ; this last disdain hath cur'd me,
And I am now grown so indifferent,
I could behold you kiss without a pang,

Nay, take a Torch and light you to your Bed :
But do not trust me, no, for if you do,
By all the Furies and the Flames of Love,
By Love, which is the hottest burning Hell,
I'll set you both on fire to blaze for ever. [Exit.]

Stat. O *Alexander*, is it possible ? Good Gods,
That Guilt can shew so lovely ! — yet I pardon,
Forgive thee all, by thy dear life I do.

Alex. Ha ! Pardon ! saidst thou, Pardon me ?

Syf. Now all thy Mother's Blessings fall about thee,
My best, my most belov'd, my own *Statira*.

Alex. Is it then true that thou hast pardon'd me ?
And is it given me thus to touch thy hand,
And fold thy body in my longing arms ?
To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars ?
To taste thy lip, and thy dear balmy breath,
While ev'ry sigh comes forth so fraught with sweets,
'Tis Incense to be offer'd to a God.

Stat. Yes, dear *Impostor*, 'tis most true that I
Have pardon'd thee ; and 'tis as true that while
I stand in view of thee, thy eyes will wound,
Thy tongue will make me wanton as thy wishes ;
And while I feel thy hand my Body glows :
Therefore be quick, and take your last adieu,
These your last sighs, and these your parting tears ;
Farewel, farewel, a long and last farewel.

Alex. O my *Hephestion*, bear me, or I sink.

Stat. Nay, you may take, — Heav'n how my heart throbs,
You may, you may, if yet you think me worthy,
Take from these trembling Lips a parting kiss.

Alex. No, let me starve first ; — why, *Statira*, why ?
What is the meaning of all this ? — O Gods !
I know the Cause. my working Brain divines

You !

You'll say you pardon'd but with this reserve,
Never to make me blest, as I have been,
To slumber by the side of that false man,
Nor give a Heav'n of beauty to a Devil.
Think you not thus? speak Madam.

Sys. She is not worthy, Son, of so much sorrow:
Speak comfort to him, speak, my dear Statira,
I ask thee by those tears; Ah canst thou ere
Pretend to Love, yet with dry eyes behold him!

Alex. Silence more dreadful than severest sounds:
Wou'd she but speak, though Death, eternal Exile
Hung at her lips, yet while her tongue pronounces,
There must be Musick even in my undoing.

Stat. Still my lov'd Lord, I cannot see you thus;
Nor can I ever will to share your Bed,
O I shall find Roxana in your arms,
And tast her kisses left upon your lips:
Her curs'd embraces have defil'd your body.
Nor shall I find the wonted sweetness there,
But artificial smells, and aking odours.

Alex. Yes, obstinate, I will; Madam, you shall,
You shall, in spite of this resistless passion,
Be serv'd; but you must give me leave to think
You never lov'd: — O cou'd I see you thus!
Hell has not half the tortures that you raise.

Clyt. Never did passions combat thus before.

Alex. O I shall burst,
Unless you give me leave to rave a while.

Sys. Yet ere destruction sweep us both away,
Relent, and break through all to pity him.

Alex. Yes, I will shuke this Cupid from my arms,
If all he rages of the Earth can fright him;
Drown him in the deep bowl of Hercules;
Make the World drunk, and then like *Aolus*,
When he gave passage to the struggling winds,
Ple strike my spear into the reeling Globe
To let it bloud; set Babylon in a blaze,
And drive this God of flames with more consuming fire.

Stat. My presence will but force him to extreams;
Besides, 'tis death to me to see his pains:
Yet stand resolv'd never to yield again.
Permit me to remove.

Alex. I charge ye stay her;
For if she pass, by all the Hell I feel,
Your Souls, your naked Ghosts shall wait upon her.
O turn the! Turn! thou barb'rous brightness, turn!
Hear my last words, and see my utmost pang:

ALEXANDER the Great.

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But first kneel with me, all my Soldiers, kneel,
Yet lower,—prostrate to the Earth: — An Mother, what
Will you kneel too? Then let the Sun stand still
To see himself outworship'd; not a face
Be shewn that is not wash'd all o're in tears,
But weep as if you here beheld me slain.
Syl. Haft thou a heart? or art thou Savage turn'd?
But if this posture cannot move your Mercy,
I never will speak more.

Alex. O my *Statira*!

I swear, my Queen, I'll not out-live thy hate,
My Soul is still as death: — But one thing more,
Pardon my last Extremities, — the transports
Of a deep wounded Breast, and all is well.

Stat. Rise, and may Heaven forgive you all, like me.

Alex. You are too gracious; — *Clytus*, bear me hence,
When I am laid in Earth, yield her the World.
There's something here heaves, and is cold as Ice,
That stops my breath; — Farewell, O Gods! for ever.

Stat. Hold off, and let me run into his arms,
My dearest, my all Love, my Lord, my King;
You shall not dye, if that the soul and body
Of thy *Statira* can restore thy Life:
Give me thy wonted Kindness, bend me, break me
With thy Embraces.

Alex. O the killing Joy!

O extasie! my heart will burst my breast,
To leap into thy bosome; but by Heaven
This night I will revenge me of thy Beauties,
For the dear Rack I have this day endur'd:
For all the sighs and tears that I have spent,
I'll have so many thousand burning Loves;
So swell thy Lips, so fill me with thy sweetness,
Thou shalt not sleep, nor close thy wandring Eyes:
The smiling hours shall all be lov'd away,
We'll surfeit all the Night, and languish all the day.

Stat. Nor shall *Roxana* —

Alex. Let her not be nam'd. —
O Mother! how shall I requite your goodness?
And you, my Fellow-Warriors, that cou'd weep
For your lost King: — But I invite you all,
My Equals in the Throne as in the Grave,
Without distinction to the Riot come,
To the King's Banquet.

Clyt. I beg your Majesty
Would leave me out.

Alex. None, none shall be excus'd.

AR

All Revel out the day, 'tis my Command;
 Gay as the *Persian* God our self will stand,
 With a Crown'd Goblet in our lifted hand,
 Young *Ammon* and *Statira* shall go round,
 While antick Measures beat the burden'd ground,
 And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors sound.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Clytus in his Macedonian Habit; Hephestion,
 Eumenes, Meleager, &c. in Persian Robes.*

Clyt. **A** Way, I will not wear these *Persian* Robes;
 Nor ought the King be angry for the reverence
 I owe my Country, sacred are her Customs,
 Which honest *Clytus* shall preserve to death.
 O let me rot in *Macedonian* rags,
 Rather than shine in Fashions of the East.
 Then for the Adorations he requires;
 Roast my old body in eternal flames,
 Or let him Cage me, like *Calisthenes*.

Eum. Dear *Clytus* be perswaded.

Heph. You know the King
 Is God-like, full of all the richest Virtues,
 That ever Royal heart possess'd; yet you
 Perverse, but to one humour will oppose him;

Clyt. Call you it humour! 'tis a pregnant one;
 By *Mars* there's venom in it, burning pride;
 And though my life shou'd follow, rather than
 Bear such a hot ambition in my bowels,
 I'd rip 'em up to give the poyson vent.

Mele. Was not that *Jupiter* whom we adore—
 A Man, but for his more than humane acts,
 Advanc'd to Heav'n, and worship'd for its Lord?

Heph. By all his Thunder and his Sovereign Power,
 Ple not believe the Earth yet ever felt
 An Arm like *Alexander's*; not that God
 You nam'd, though riding in a Car of Fire,
 And drawn by flying Horses wing'd with Lightnings,
 Cou'd in a space more short do greater deeds,
 Drive all the Nations, and lay waste the World.

Clyt. There's not a Man of War amongst you all.

That loves the King like me; yet I'll not flatter,
Nor sooth his Vanity, 'tis blamable,
And when the Wine works, *Clytus* thoughts will out.

Heph. Then go not to the Banquet.

Clyt. I was call'd,

My Minion, was I not, as well as you?
I'll go, my Friends in this old Habit thus,
And laugh, and drink the King's Health heartily,
And while you blushing bow your Heads to Earth,
And hide 'em in the dust, I'll stand upright,
Strait as a Spear, the Pillar of my Country,
And be by so much nearer to the Gods. —
But see, the King and all the Court appear.

Enter Alexander, Sylligambis, Statira, Parissatis, &c.

Par. Spare him, O spare *Lysimachus* his Life;
I know you will, Kings shou'd delight in Mercy.

Alex. Shield me, *Statira*, shield me from her Sorrow.

Par. O save him, save him, e're it be too late;
Speak the kind word before the gaping Lyon
Swallow him up; let not your Souldier perish,
But for one rashness which despair did cause.
I'll follow thus for ever on my knees,
And make your way so slippery with tears.
You shall not pass. — Sister, do you conjure him.

Alex. O Mother, take her, take her from me, [kneels]
Her watry eyes assault my very Soul,
They shake my best resolve. —

Stat. Did not I break
Through all for you? nay, now my Lord you must.
Syl. Nor wou'd I make my Son so bold a Prayer,
Had I not first consulted for his Honour.

Alex. Honour! what Honour! has not *Statira* said it?
Were I the King of the blue Firmament,
And the bold *Tians* shou'd again make War,
Though my resistless Arrows were made ready,
By all the Gods she shou'd arrest my hand.
Fly then, ev'n thou his Rival so belov'd,
Fly with old *Clytus*, snatch him from the jaws
Of the devouring Beast, bring him adorn'd
To the King's Banquet, fit for loads of Honour.

[Exit *Clytus*, *Statira*, *Parissatis*, &c.]
Stat. O my lov'd Lord I let me embrace your knees,
I am not worthy of this mighty passion.
You are too good for Goddesses themselves.
No Woman, not the Sex, is worth a Grain.

Of this illustrious Life of my dear Master.
Why are you so divine to cause such fondness?
That my heart leaps, and beats, and fain wou'd out,
To make a dance of Joy about your Feet.

Alex. Excellent Woman! no, 'tis impossible
To say how much I love thee: — Ha! again!
Such Extasies life cannot carry long;
The day comes on so fast, and beamy Joy
Darts with such fierceness on me, Night will follow.
A pale Crown'd head flew lately glazing by me,
With two dead hands, which threw a Chrystal Globe
From high, that shatter'd in a thousand pieces;
But I will lose these boding Dreams in Wine;
Then warm and blushing for my Queen's Embraces,
Bear me with all my heart to thy lov'd bosome.

Stat. Go, my best Love, and cheer your drooping Spirits;
Laugh with your Friends, and talk your Grief away,
While in the Bower of great *Semiramis*,
I dress your Bed with all the sweets of Nature,
And crown it as the Altar of my Love;
Where I will lay me down and softly mourn,
But never close my Eyes till your return. [Ex. Stat. Syll.

Alex. Is she not more than mortal man can wish!
Diana's Soul cast in the flesh of *Venus*!
By *Jove* 'tis ominous, our parting is;
Her face look't pale too, as she turn'd away:
And when I wrung her by the Rosie Fingers,
Methought the strings of my great heart did crack.
What should it mean? — Forward, *Laomedon*.

Roxana meets him, with Cass. Polip. Phil. and Thest.

Why Madam gave you thus?

Rex. For a last look,
And that the memory of *Roxana's* wrongs
May be for ever printed in your Mind.

Alex. O Madam, you must let me pass.

Rex. I will.

But I have sworn that you shall hear me speak,
And mark me well, for Fate is in my breath:
Love on the Mistress you adore to death:
Still hope, but I fruition will destroy;
Languish for pleasures, you shall ne'er enjoy;
Still may *Statira's* Image draw your sight,
Like those deluding Fires that walk at night;
Lead you through fragrant Groves and flow'ry Groves,
And charm you through deep Grass with sleeping Loves;

That

That when your fancy to its height does rise,
The light you lov'd may vanish from your eyes;
Darkness, Despair, and Death your wandring Soul surprize.

Alex. Away; lead, *Meleager*, to the Banquet.

Ex. cum suis.

Rox. So unconcern'd! O I could tear my flesh,
Or him, or you, nay all the world to pieces.

Cas. Still keep this Spirit up, preserve it still,
Lose not a grain, for such Majestick Atomes
First made the world, and must preserve its greatness.

Rox. I Know I am whatever thou canst say;
My Soul is pent, and has not elbow room;
'Tis swell'd with this last slight, beyond all bounds;
O that it had a space might answer to
Its infinite desire, where I might stand
And hurl the Spears about like sportive Balls.

Cas. We are your Slaves, admirers of your fury;
Command *Cassander* to obey your pleasure,
And I will on, swift as my nimble Eye
Scales Heav'n when I am angry with the Fates.
No Age, nor Sex, nor dignity of blood,
No ties of Law nor Nature, not the life
Imperial, though guarded with the Gods,
Shall bar *Cassander's* vengeance, he shall dye.

Rox. Ha! shall he dye? shall I consent to kill him?
To see him clasp'd in the cold arms of death,
Whom I with such an eagerness have lov'd?
Do I not bear his Image in my womb?
Which while I meditate, and roul revenge,
Starts in my body like a fatal pulse,
And strikes compassion through my bleeding bowels.

Pol. These scruples which your love wou'd raise might pass,
Were not the Empire of the world consider'd:
How will the glorious Infant in your womb,
When time shall teach his tongue, be bound to curse you,
If now you strike not for Coronation!

Cas. If *Alexander* lives, you cannot reign,
Nor shall your Child; old *Sisyambis* head
Will not be idle: — sure destruction waits
Both you and yours; let not your anger cool,
But give the word; say, *Alexander* bleeds,
Draw dry the veins of all the *Persian* Race,
And hurl a ruine o're the East, 'tis done.

Pol. Behold the Instruments of this great work.

Phil. Behold your forward Slave.

Thef. Ple execute.

Rox. And when this ruine is accomplish'd, where
Shall curst *Roxana* fly with this dear load?

Where shall she find a refuge from the arms
Of all the Successors of this great man?
No barb'rous Nation will receive a guilt
So much transcending theirs, but drive me out:
The wildest Beasts will hunt me from their dens,
And Birds of Prey molest me in the Grave.
Caf. No you shall live, pardon the insolence
Which this Almighty Love enforces from me:
You shall live safer, nobler than before,
In your *Cassander's* arms.

Rox. Disgrac'd *Roxana*, whither wilt thou fall!
I ne're was truly wretched till this moment;
There's not one mark of former Majesty,
To awe my Slave that offers at my Honour.

Caf. Madam, I hope you'll not impute my passion
To want of that respect which I must bear you:
Long I have Lov'd —

Rox. Peace, most audacious Villain!
Or I will stab this passion in thy throat.
What, shall I leave the bosom of a Deity
To clasp a clod, a moving piece of Earth,
Which a Mole heaves? so far art thou beneath me.

Caf. Your Majesty shall heat no more my folly.

Rox. Nor dare to meet my Eyes, for if thou dost,
With a Love-glance thy plots are all untravell'd,
And your kind thoughts of *Alexander* told,
Whose life, in spite of all his wrongs to me,
Shall be for ever sacred and untouch'd.

Caf. I know, dread Madam, that *Cassander's* life
Is in your hands, so cast to do you service.

Rox. You thought, perhaps, because I Practis'd charms
To gain the King, that I had loose desires:
No, 'tis my pride that gives me height of pleasure,
To see the man by all the world admir'd,
Bow'd to my bosom, and my Captive there;
Then my veins swell, and my arms grasp the poles,
My breasts grow bigger with the vast delight.
'Tis length of Rapure, and an age of Fury.

Caf. By your own life, the greatest oath I swear,
Cassander's passion from this time is dumb.

Rox. No, if I were a wanton, I wou'd make
Princes the Victims of my raging fires:
I, like the changing Moon, wou'd have the Stars
My followers, and mantled Kings by night
Shou'd wait my call; fine Slaves to quench my flame,
Who left in Dreams they should reveal the deed,
Still as they came, successively shou'd bleed.

Caf. To make atonement for the high treason, (I know it well) I beg your Majesty will take the life of Queen *Statira* as a Sacrifice.

Rox. Rise, thou hast made me ample expiation: I will dye. Yes, yes, *Statira*, Rival thou must dye. I know this night is destin'd for my ruine, And *Alexander* from the glorious *Revels* Flies to thy arms.

Phil. The Bowers of *Semiramis* are made The Scene this Night of their new kindled Loves.

Rox. Methinks I see her yonder, On the torment Busie for blis, and full of expectation: She adorns her head, and her Eyes give new lustre; Languishes in her Glasse, tries all her looks; Steps to the Door, and listens for his coming; Runs to the Bed, and kneels, and weeps and wishes, Then lays the Pillow easie for his head, Warms it with sighs, and moulds it with her kisses. O I am lost, torn with Imagination!

Kill me, *Cassander*, kill me instantly, That I may haunt her with a thousand Devils.

Caf. Why d'ye stop to end her while you may? No time so proper as the present now: While *Alexander* feasts with all his Court, Give me your Eunuchs, half your *Zogdian* Slaves, I'll do the deed, nor shall a Water-Scape, That serves your Rival, to relate the News.

Pol. She was committed to *Eumenes* charge. *Rox.* *Eumenes* dyes, and all that are about her: Nor shall I need your aid, you'll love again: I'll head the Slaves my self, with this drawn Dagger, To carry death that's worthy of a Queen. A common Fate ne're rushes from my hand, 'Tis more than Life to dye by my Command. And when she sees

That to my arm her ruine she must owe, Her thankful head will strait be bended low. Her heart shall leap half way to meet the blow.

Caf. Go thy ways, *Semele*; — she scorns to sin Beneath a God: — we must be swift, the ruine We intend, who knows, she may discover.

Pol. It must be acted suddenly, to Night, Now at the Banquet *Philip* holds his Cup.

Phil. And dares to execute, — propose his Fate.

Caf. Observe in this small Viol certain Death: It holds a Poyson of such deadly force, Should *Esculapian* drink it, in five hours

(For then it works) the God himself were mortal;
I drew it from *Nonaris* horrid Spring,
A drop infus'd in Wine, will seal his death,
And send him howling to the lowest shades.

Phil. Would it were done.

Cas. O we shall have him tear
(Ere yet the Moon has half her Journey rode)
The World to Atomes; for it scatters pains
All sorts, and through all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
Even with extremity of Frost it burns.
Drives the distracted Soul about her house,
Which runs to the all Pores, the doors of Life,
Till she is forc'd for air to leave her Dwelling.

Pal. By *Pluto's* self the work is wondrous brave.

Cas. Now separate, *Philip* and *Thissalus*
Haste to the Banquet; at his second call,
Give him the fatal draught that crowns the Night;
While *Polipercon* and my self retire.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Cassander.*]

Yes *Alexander*, now thou pay'st me well,
Blood for a blow is Interest indeed:
Methinks I am grown taller with the Murder,
And standing strait on this Majestick Pile,
I hit the Clouds, and see the World below me.
O 'tis the worst of racks to a brave Spirit
To be born base, a Vassal, a curst Slave:
Now by the Project lab'ring in my brain,
'Tis nobler far to be the King of Hell,
To head Infernal Legions, Chiefs below,
To let 'em loose for Earth, to call 'em in,
And take account of what dark Deeds are done,
Than be a Subject-God in Heaven-unblest,
And without Mischief have eternal Rest.

Exit.

*The Scene draws, Alexander is seen standing on a Throne,
with all his Commanders about him, holding
Goblets in their Hands.*

Alex. To our Immortal Health, and our fair Queen's,
All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and *Bellona* joyn to make us Mischief.
A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the Sun,
White as his Beams. — Speak the big voice of War,
Beat all our Drums, and blow our Silver Trumpets.

'Till we provoke the Gods to act our pleasure
In bowls of *Nectar* and replying Thunder.

*Enter Hephestion, Clytus, leading in Lysimachus in his
Shirt bloody, Perdiccas, Guard.*

Clyt. Long live the King, and Conquest crown his aims
With Laurels ever green; Fortune's his Slave,
And kisses all that fight upon his side.

Alex. Did not I give command you shou'd preserve
Lysimachus?

Heph. You did.

Alex. What then portend those bloody marks?

Heph. Your mercy flew too late; *Perdiccas* had,
According to the dreadful Charge you gave,
Already plac'd the Prince in a lone Court,
Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore
A pair of Gauntlets; such was his desire,
To shew in death the difference betwixt
The blood of the *Ætides*, and common men.

Clyt. At last the Door of an old Lyons Den
Being drawn up, the horrid Beast appear'd:
The flames which from his Eyes shot gloomy red,
Made the Sun start, as the Spectators thought,
And round 'em cast a day of blood and death.

Heph. When we arriv'd, just as the valiant Prince
Cry'd out, O *Parisatis*, take my Life,
'Tis for thy sake I go undaunted thus
To be devoured by this most dreadful Creature.

Clyt. Then walking forward, the large Beast descri'd
His prey, and with a roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him; but the active Prince
Starting aside, avoided his first shock,
With a slight hurt, and as the Lyon turn'd,
Thrust Gauntlet, Arm and all, into his throat,
And with *Herculean* force tore forth by th' roots
The foaming bloody tongue; and while the Savage,
Faint with that loss, sunk to the blushing Earth
To plough it with his teeth, your conqu'ring Souldier
Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to pieces.

Alex. By all my Laurels 'twas a God-like act,
And 'tis my Glory, as it shall be mine,
That *Alexander* could not pardon thee.
O my brave Souldier! think not all the Prayers
Of the lamenting Queens cou'd move my Soul.
Like what thou hast perform'd; grow to my breast.

Lys. However Love did hurry my wild arm,

When I was cool my feverish blood did bate.

And as I went to death I blest the King.

Alex. Lysimachus, we both have been transported,

But from this hour be certain of my heart;

A Lyon be the Impress of thy Shield,

And that golden Armour we from *Perseus* won.

The King presents thee; but retire to Bed,

Thy toils ask rest.

Lys. I have no wounds to hinder

Of any moment; or if I had, though mortal,

I'd stand to *Alexander's* health; 'till all

My Veins were dry, and fill 'em up again

With that Rich Blood which makes the Gods Immortal.

Alex. Hephæstion, thy hand embrace him close,

Though next my heart you hang the Jewel there.

For scarce I know whether my Queen be dearer,

Thou shalt not rob me of my Glory Youth,

That must to Ages flourish —

Parisæus

Shall now be his that serves me best in War.

Neither reply, but mark the Charge I give,

And live as Friends. — Sound, Sound my Armies Honour;

Health to their Bodies, and Eternal Fame

Wait on their Memory, when those are all;

Live all you must, 'tis a God gives you Life.

[*Lysimachus offers Clytus a Persian Robe, and he refuses it.*]

Clyr. O Vanity?

Alex. Ha! what says *Clytus*?

Who am I?

Clyr. The Son of Good King *Philip*.

Alex. No, 'tis false,

By all my Kindred in the Skies

Jove made my Mother pregnant.

Clyr. I ha' done.

Here follows an Entertainment of Indian Singers and

Dancers. The Adjuck Romushes.

Alex. Hold, hold, *Clytus*, take the Robe.

Clyr. Sir, the Wine,

The Weather's hot; besides you know my humour.

Alex. O 'tis not well, I'd burn rather than be

So singular and froward.

Clyr. So would I

Burn, hang, or drown; but in a better Cause.

I'd risk or fight for Sacred Majesty.

With any here. — Fill me another Bowl;
Will you excuse me?

Alex. You will be excus'd;
But let him have his humour, he is old.

Clyt. So was your Father, Sir, — This to his memory.
Sound all the Trumpets there.

Alex. They shall not sound
Till the King drinks; — by Mars I cannot take
A moments rest for all my years of Blood,
But one or other will oppose my pleasure.
Sure I was form'd for War, eternal War;
All, all are Alexander's Enemies;
Which I cou'd tame; — yes, the Rebellious world
Shou'd feel my wrath: — But let the sports go on.

The Indians Dance.

Lys. Nay Clytus, you that cou'd advise —

Alex. Forbear;

Let him persist, be positive, and proud,
Sullen and dazl'd, amongst the nobler Souls,
Like an Infernal Spirit that had stole
From Hell, and mingled with the laughing Gods:

Clyt. When Gods grow hot, where's the difference:
'Twixt them and Devils? — fill me Greek Wine, yet fuller,
For I want Spirits.

Alex. Ha! let me hear a Song.

Clyt. Musick for Boys: — Clytus wou'd hear the groans
Of dying persons, and the Horses neighings;
Or if I must be tortur'd with shrill voices,
Give me the Crys of Matrons in sack'd Towns.

Heph. *Lyfimachus*, the King looks sad, let us awake him:
Health to the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*;
Ev'ry man take his Goblet in his hand,
Kneel all, and kiss the Earth with adoration.

Alex. Sound, sound, that all the Universe may hear,
That I cou'd speak like Jove, to tell abroad
The kindnds of my People. — Rise, O rise,
My hands, my arms, my heart is ever yours.

[*Comes from his Throne, all kiss his hand.*]

Clyt. I did not kiss the Earth, nor must your hand,
I am unworthy, Sir.

Alex. I know thou art,
Thou enviest my great Honour: — Sit, my Friends,
Nay, I must have room: — Now let us talk
Of War, for what more fits a Souldier's Mouth?

And speak, speak freely, or ye do not love me,
Who think you was the bravest General
That ever led an Army to the Field?

Heph. I think the Sun himself ne'er saw a Chief
So truly great, so fortunately brave,
As *Alexander*; not the fam'd *Alcides*,
Nor fierce *Achilles*, who did twice destroy,
With their all-conqu'ring Arms, the famous *Troy*.

Lys. Such was not *Cyrus*.

Alex. O you flatter me.

Chyr. They do indeed, and yet you love 'em for it,
But hate old *Chyrus*, for his hardy Virtue.
Come, shall I speak a man more brave than you,
A better General, and more expert Souldier?

Alex. I shou'd be glad to learn, instruct me, Sir.

Chyr. Your Father *Philip*, — I have seen him March,
And fought beneath his dreadful Banner, where
The stoutest at this Table would ha' trembl'd.
Nay frown not, Sir, you cannot look me dead.
When Greeks joyn'd Greeks, then was the tug of War,
The labour'd Battle sweat, and Conquest bled.
Why shou'd I fear to speak a truth more noble,
Then e're your Father *Jupiter Ammon* told you;
Philip fought men, but *Alexander* women.

Alex. Spite! by the Gods, prond spite! and burnig envy!
Is then my Glory come to this at last,
To vanquish women? Nay he said, the stoutest here
Wou'd tremble at the dangers he has seen.
In all the sicknesses and wounds I bore,
When from my reins the Javelins head was cut,
Lyfismachus, *Hephestion*, speak, *Perdiccas*,
Did I tremble? O the curst Lyar!
Did I once shake or groan? or bear my self
Beneath my Majesty, my dauntless courage?

Heph. Wine has transported him.

Alex. No, 'tis plain, meer malice: —

I was a woman too at *Oxydrace*,
When planting at the walls a Scaling-Ladder,
I mounted spite of showers of Stones, Bars, Arrows,
And all the lumber which they thunder'd down,
When you beneath cry'd out, and spread your arms,
That I shou'd leap amongst you, did I so?

Lys. Turn the discourse, my Lord, the old man rav'd.

Alex. Was I a woman, when like *Mercury*
I left the walls to fly amongst my Foes?
And like a baited Lion, dy'd my self
All over with the blood of those bold Hunters: —

Till spent with toil, I battel'd on my knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my shield a Forrest,
And hurl'd 'em back with most unconquer'd fury.

Clyt. 'Twas all Bravado, for before you leapt,
You saw that I had burst the Gates in sunder.

Alex. Did I then, turn me like a Coward round
To seek for succour? Age cannot be so base,
That thou wert young again, I wou'd put off
My Majesty to be more terrible,
That like an Eagle I might strike this Hare
Trembling to Earth: shake thee to dust, and tear
Thy heart for this bold Lye, thou feeble dotard.

Clyt. What, do you pelt me like a Boy with Apples?
Kill me, and bury the disgrace I feel.

*{ He tosses Fruit at
him as they rise.*

I know the reason that you use me so,
Because I sav'd your life at *Crannicus*,
And when your back was turn'd, oppos'd my breast
To bold *Rhesus* Sword; you hate me for't,
You do, proud Prince.

Alex. Away your breath's too hot. *(slings him from him.)*

Clyt. You hate the Benefactor, though you took
The Gift; your life, from this dishonour'd *Clytus*,
Which is the blackest, worst ingratitude.

Alex. Go, leave the Banquet; thus far I forgive thee.

Clyt. Forgive your self for all your Blasphemies,
The riots of a most debauch'd, and blotted life,

Philotas murder——

Alex. Ha! what said the Traytor?

Lyf. *Eumenes*, let us force him hence.

Clyt. Away.

Heph. You shall not tarry:
Drag him to the door.

Clyt. No, let him send, me if I must be gone,
To *Philip*, *Atralus*, *Calisthenes*,
To great *Parmenio*, and to his slaughter'd Sons:
Parmenio, who did many brave exploits
Without the King, — the King without him nothing.

Alex. Give me a Javelin. *(takes one from the Guards.)*

Heph. Hold Sir.

Alex. Off Sirrah, lest
At once I strike it through his heart and thine.

Lyf. O sacred Sir, have but a moments patience.

Alex. Preach patience to another Lion; — what,
Hold my arms? I shall be murder'd here,
Like poor *Darius*, by my own barb'rous Subjects.
Perdiccas, sound my Trumpets to the Camp,
Call my Souldiers to the Court; nay haste,

For there is Treason plotting 'gainst my life,
And I shall perish ere they come to rescue.

Lys. Let's all dye, ere think so dam'd a deed. *kneel.*

Heph. Alex. Where is the Traytor?

Clyr. Sure there's none about you;
But here stands honest *Clytus*, whom the King
Invited to his Banquet.

Alex. Be gone and sup with *Philip*,
Parmenio, *Artalus*, *Calisthenes*; } strikes him
} through.

And let bold Subjects learn by thy sad Fate,
To tempt the patience of a man above 'em.

Clyr. The rage of Wine is drown'd in gushing blood;

O *Alexander*, I have been to blame,
Hate me not after death, for I repent
That so I urg'd your noblest, sweetest nature.

Alex. What's this I hear? say on my dying Souldier.

Clyr. I shou'd ha' kill'd my self, had I but liv'd
To be once sober: — Now I fall with Honour,
My own hand wou'd ha' brought foul death; O pardon. [*dies*]

Alex. Then I am lost, what has my Vengeance done?

Who is it thou hast slain? *Clytus*; what was he?

Thy faithful Subject, worthiest Counsellor,

Who for saving of thy Life, when

Thou fought'st bare headed at the River *Granike*,

Has now a noble Recompence; for speaking rashly,

For a Forgetfulness which Wine did work,

The poor, the honest *Clytus* thou hast slain!

Are these the Laws of Hospitality?

Thy Friends will shun thee now, and stand at distance,

Nor dare to speak their minds, nor eat with thee,

Nor drink, lest by thy madness they dye too.

Heph. Guards, take the body hence.

Alex. None dare to touch him,

For we must never part: cruel *Hephestion*,

And *Lyfimachus*, that had the power,

Yet wou'd not hold me.

Lys. Dear Sir, we did.

Alex. I know it;

Ye held me like a Beast, to let me go

With greater Violence: — O you have undone me!

Excuse it not, you that cou'd stop a Lion,

Cou'd not turn me; you shou'd have drawn your Swords,

And barr'd my rage with their advancing Points;

Made Reason glitter in my dazzl'd Eyes,

Till I had seen what Ruine did attend me:

That had been noble, that had shew'd a Friend.

Clytus would so have done to save your Lives.

Lys. When men shall hear how highly you were urg'd —

Alex. No, you have let me stain my rising Vertue,

Which else had ended brighter than the Sun :

Death, Hell, and Furies ! you have sunk my Glory :

O I am all a blot, which Seas of Tears,

And my Hearts blood, can never wash away ;

Yet 'tis but just I try, and on the Point

Still reaking, hurl my black polluted breast.

Heph. O sacred Sir, this must not be.

Eum. Forgive my pious hands.

Lys. And mine, that dare disarm my Master.

Alex. Yes cruel men, ye now can shew your strength,

Here's not a Slave but dares oppose my Justice ;

Yet I will render all endeavours vain

That tend to save my Life : — here I will lye [falls]

Close to his bleeding side, thus kissing him,

These pale dead lips that have so oft advis'd me,

Thus bathing o're his Reverend Face in Tears,

Thus clasping his cold body in my arms,

'Till Death, like him, has made me stiff and horrid.

Heph. What shall we do ?

Lys. I know not, my wounds bleed afresh

With striving with him, *Perdiccas* lends your Arm. {*Ex. Per.*

Heph. Call *Aristander* hither,

{*Lys.*

Or *Meleager*, let's force him from the Body.

Cries without, Arm, Arm, Treason, Treason,

Enter Perdiccas bloody.

Perd. Haste, all take Arms ; *Hephestion*, where's the King ?

Heph. There, by old *Clytus* side, whom he has slain.

Perd. Then misery on misery will fall,

Like rowling billows to advance the storm.

Rise, sacred Sir, and haste to aid the Queen,

Roxana fill'd with furious Jealousie,

Came with a Guard of *Zogdean* Slaves unmark'd.

And broke upon me with such sudden rage,

That all are perish'd who resistance made :

I only with these wounds through clashing Spears

Have forc't my way, to give you timely notice.

Alex. What says *Perdiccas* ? Is the Queen in danger ?

Perd. She dyes unless you turn her Fate, and quickly ;

Your distance from the Palace asks more speed,

And the ascent to th' flying Grove is high.

Alex. Thus from the Grave I rise to save my Love,

All draw your Swords, with wings of Lightning move ;

When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay,
Tis Beauty calls, and Glory shews the way. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Statira is discover'd sleeping in the Bower of Semiramis. The Spirits of Queen Statira her Mother, and Darius, appear standing on each side of her, with Daggers threatening her.

They Sing.

Dar. *I* Innocence so void of cares,
That it can undisturbed sleep,
Amidst the noise of horrid Wars,
That make Immortal Spirits weep?

Stat. No boding Crows, nor Ravens come,
To warn her of approaching doom?

Dar. She walks, as she dreams, in a Garden of flowers,
And her hands are employ'd in the beautiful Bowers:
She dreams of the man that is far from the Grove,
And all her soft Fancy still runs on her Love.

Stat. She nods o're the Brooks that run purling along
And the Nightingales lull her more fast with a Song.

Dar. But see the sad end, which the Gods have decreed.

Stat. This Pomara's thy Fate.

Dar. My Daughter must bleed.

Chor. Awake then, Statira, awake, for alas you must dye:
Ere an hour be past, you must breath out your last,

Dar. And be such another as I,

Stat. As I,

Chor. And be such another as I.

Statira sola.

Stat. Bless me ye Pow'rs above, and guard my Virtue!

I saw, nor was't a Dream, I saw and heard

My Royal Parents, there I saw 'em stand;

My eyes beheld their Precious Images:

I heard their Heav'nly voices; where, O where

Fled you so fast, Dear shades, from my embraces?

You told me this, — This hour should be my last,

And I must bleed; — Away, 'tis all Delusion!

Do not I wait for *Alexander's* coming?
 None but my Loving Lord can Enter here;
 And will he kill me? — hence, Phantastick shadows!
 And yet methinks he should not stay thus long!
 Why do I tremble thus? if I but stir,
 The motion of my Robes makes my heart leap.
 When will the dear man come, that all my doubts
 May vanish in his breast? that I may hold him
 Fast as my fears can make me, hug him close
 As my fond Soul can wish, give all my breath
 In sighs, and kisses; sworn, dye away with Rapture!
 But hark I hear him: — (noise within.)
 Fain I would hide my blushes
 I hear his tread, but dare not go to meet him.

Enter *Roxana* with *Slaves*, and a *Dagger*.

Rox. At length we have conquer'd this stupendous height,
 These flying Groves, whose wonderful ascent
 Leads to the Clouds.

Stat. Then all the Vision's true, retires,
 And I must dye, lose my dear Lord for ever:
 That, that's the murder.

Rox. Shut the Brazen Gate,
 And make it fast with all the massie Bars:
 I know the King will fly to her relief,
 But we have time enough: — where is my Rival?
 Appear *Statira*, now no more a Queen,
Roxana calls, where is your Majesty?

Stat. And what is she who with such Tow'ring pride,
 Wou'd awe a Princess that is born above her?

Rox. I like the Port Imperial Beauty bears,
 It shews thou hast a Spirit fit to fall
 A Sacrifice to fierce *Roxana's* wrongs.
 Be sudden then, put forth these Royal Breasts,
 Where our false Master has so often languish'd,
 That I may change their milkie innocence
 To blood, and die me in a deep revenge.

Stat. No, barb'rous woman! though I durst meet death
 As boldly as our Lord, with a resolve
 At which thy Coward heart wou'd tremble:
 Yet I disdain to stand the Fate you offer,
 And therefore fearless of thy dreadful threats,
 Walk thus regardless by thee,

Rox. Ha! so stately!
 This sure will sink you.

Stat. No, *Roxana*, no;

The blow you give will strike me to the stars,
But sink my murtherers in Eternal ruine.

Rox. Who told you this?

Stat. A thousand Spirits tell me :

There's not a God but whippers in my ear,
This death will crown me with Immortal Glory;
To dye so fair, so Innocent, so young,
Will make me Company for Queens above.

Rox. Preach on.

Stat. While you the burden of the Earth,
Fall to the Deep so heavy with thy Guilt,
That Hell it self must groan at thy reception ;
While foulest Fiends shun thy Society,
And thou shalt walk alone, forsaken Fury.

Rox. Heaven witness for me, I wou'd spare thy Life,
If any thing but *Alexander's* Love
Were in debate ; come give me back his heart,
And thou shalt live, live Empress of the World.

Stat. The World is less than *Alexander's* Love,
Yet cou'd I give it, 'tis not in my power :
This I dare promise, if you spare my Life,
Which I disdain to beg, he shall speak kindly,

Rox. Speak ! is that all ?

Stat. Perhaps at my Request,
And for a Gift so noble as my Life,
Bestow a Kiss.

Rox. A Kiss ! no more ?

Stat. O Gods !

What shall I say to work her to my End ?
Fain I would see him : — yes, a little more,
Embrace you, and for ever be your Friend.

Rox. Oh the provoking word ! Your Friend ! Thou dy'st :
Your Friend ! What, must I bring you then together ?
Adorn your Bed, and see you softly laid ?
By all my Pangs, and labours of my Love,
This has thrown off all that was sweet and gentle ;
Therefore —

Stat. Yet hold thy hand advanc'd in air ;
I see my death is written in thy eyes,
Therefore wreak all thy Lust of Vengeance on me,
Wash in my Blood, and sleep thee in my gore ;
Feed like a Vulture, tear my bleeding heart.
But O *Roxana* ! that there may appear
A Glimpse of Justice for thy Cruelty,
A grain of Goodness for a mass of Evil,
Give me my Death in *Alexander's* presence.

Rox. Not for th' Rule of Heaven : — are you so cunning ?

What, you wou'd have him mourn you as you fall?
 Take your Farewel, and taste such healing Kisses
 As might call back your Soul? No, thou shalt fall on thy back
 Now, and when Death has seiz'd thy beauteous Limbs,
 I'll have thy body thrown into a Well,
 Buried beneath a heap of Stones for ever.

Enter a Slave.

Slav. Madam, the King with all his Captains and his Guards
 Are forcing open the Doors, he threatens thousand deaths
 To all that stop his entrance, and I believe
 Your Eunuchs will obey him.

Rox. Then I must haste.

Stat. What is the King so near?
 And shall I dye so tamely, thus defenceless?
 O ye good Gods! will you not help my weakness?

Rox. They are far off.

Stat. Alas! they are indeed.

Enter Alexander, Cassander, Polyperchon,

Guards and Attendants.

Alex. Oh Harpy! thou shalt reign the Queen of Devils.

Rox. Do, strike, behold my bosom sweats to meet thee.
 'Tis full of thine, of Veins that run with ambition,
 And I can brave whatever Fate you bring.

Alex. Call our Physicians, I haste, Ple give an Empire
 To save her: — Oh my Soul, alas *Statira!*
 These wounds, — Oh Gods, are these my promis'd joys!

Stat. My cruel Love, my weeping Alexander,
 Would I had dy'd before you eutred here,
 For now I ask my Heart a hundred Questions;
 What must I lose my Life, my Lord, for ever?

Alex. Ha! Villains, are they mortal? — what, retire, I bid
 Raise you dash'd Spirits from the Earth, and say
 Say she shall live, and I will make you Kings.
 Give me this one, this poor, this only Life,
 And I will pardon you for all the Wounds
 Which your Arts widen, all Diseases, Deaths,
 Which your damn'd Drugs throw through the lingering world.

Rox. Rend not your temper, see, a general silence
 Confirms the bloody pleasure which I sought.
 She dyes.

Alex. And dar'st thou Monster, think to escape?

Stat. My Life is on the wing, my Love, my Lord,
 Come to my Arms, and take the last adieu.
 Here

Here let me lie and languish out my Soul:

Alex. Answer me, Father, wilt thou take her from me?
What, is the black, sad hour at last arriv'd,
That I must never clasp her Body more?
Never more bask in her Eyes-shine again,
Nor view the Loves that play'd in those dear beams,
And shot me with a thousand-thousand smiles.

Stat. Farewel, my dear, my life, my most lov'd Lord,
I swear by *Orosmandes*, 'tis more pleasure,
More satisfaction that I thus dye yours,
Than to have liv'd anothers: — Grant me one thing:

Alex. All, all; — but speak, that I may execute
Before I follow thee.

Stat. Leave not the Earth
Before Heaven calls you: Spare *Roxana's* Life,
'Twas love of you that caus'd her give me death.
And, O sometimes amidst your Revels think
Of your poor Queen, and e're the cheerful Bowl
Salute your Lips, crown it with one rich tear,
And I am happy.

I dye

Alex. Close not thy Eyes;
Things of Import I have to speak before
Thou tak'st thy Journey: — tell the Gods, I'm coming.
To give 'em an account of Life and Death,
And many other hundred thousand Policies,
That much concern the Government of Heaven. —
O she is gone! the talking Soul is mute!
She's hush'd, no voice, no musick now is heard!
The Bower of Beauty is more still than death;
The Roses fade, and the melodious Bird
That wak'd their sweets, has left 'em now for ever.

Rox. 'Tis certain now you never shall enjoy her;
Therefore *Roxana* may have leave to hope
You will at last be kind for all my Sufferings,
My torments, racks, for this last dreadful Murder;
Which furious Love of thee did bring upon me.

Alex. O thou vile Creature! bear thee from my sight,
And thank *Statira* that thou art alive:
Else thou hadst perish'd; yes, I would ha' rent
With my just hands that Rock, that Marble heart;
I would have divid through Seas of blood to find it,
To tear the cruel Quarry from its Center.

Rox. O take me to your Arms, and hide my blunders,
I love you, spight of all your Cruelties;
There is so much Divinity about you,
I tremble to approach, yet here's my hold,
Nor will I leave the sacred Robe, for such

Is every thing that touches that blest Body :

Ple kifs it as the Relique of a God,

And Love shall grasp it with these dying hands.

Alex. O that thou wert a man, that I might drive
Thee round the World, and scatter thy Contagion,
As Gods hurl Mortal Plagues when they are angry.

Rox. Do, drive me, hew me into smallest pieces,
My dust shall be inspir'd with a new fondness ;
Still the Love-motes shall play before your Eyes,
Where e're you go, however you dispise.

Alex. Away, there's not a glance that flies from thee,
But like a Basilisk, comes wing'd with death.

Rox. O speak not such harsh words, my Royal Master,

Look not so dreadful on your kneeling Servant ;

But take, dear Sir, O take me into Grace,

By the dear Babe, the burden of my Womb,

That weighs me down, when I wou'd follow faster.

My knees are weary, and my force is spent :

O do not frown, but clear that angry brow !

Your eyes will blast me, and your words are bolts

That strike me dead ; the little wretch I bear,

Leaps frighted at your wrath, and dies within me.

Alex. O thou hast touch'd my Soul so tenderly,

That I will raise thee, though my hands are ruine.

Rise, cruel woman, rise, and have a care,

O do not hurt that unborn Innocence,

For whose dear sake I now forgive thee all.

But haste, be gone, fly, fly from these sad eyes,

Fly with thy Pardon, least I call it back ;

Though I forgive thee, I must hate thee ever.

Rox. I go, I fly, for ever from thy sight.

My mortal Injuries have turn'd my mind,

And I cou'd curse my self for being kind.

If there be any Majesty above,

That has Revenge in store for perjur'd Love,

Send Heaven the swiftest ruine on his head,

Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead ;

Kill the Triumpher, and avenge my wrong

In height of Pomp, while he is warm and young,

Bolted with thunder let him rush along.

And when in the last pangs of Life he lies,

Grant I may stand to dart him with my eyes ;

Nay, after death

Pursue his Spotted Ghost, and shoot him as he flies. *[Exit,*

Alex. O my fair Star ! I shall be shortly with thee ;

For I already feel the sad effects

Of those most fatal Imprecations.

What means this deadly dew upon my Forehead?

My heart too heaves.

Cas. It will anon be still —
The Poyson works.

Pol. Ple see the with'd effect
E're I remove, and gorge me with Revenge.

[Aside.]

[Aside.]

Enter Perdicas and Lyfimachus.

Perd. I beg your Majesty will pardon me,

A fatal Messenger;

Great *Syfgambis* heaving *Statira's* death,

Is now no more.

Her last words gave the Princess to the brave

Lyfimachus; but that which most will strike you,

Your dear *Hephestion*, having drank too largely

At your last Feast, is of a Surfet dead.

Alex. How, dead! *Hephestion* dead! alas the dear

Unhappy Youth! — But he sleeps happy,

I must wake for ever: — This Object, this,

This face of fatal Beauty,

Will stretch my Lids with yaste, eternal tears. —

Who had the Care of poor *Hephestion's* Life?

Lyf. *Phylarda*, the *Arrabian* Artist.

Alex. Fly, *Meleager*, hang him on a Cross.

That for *Hephestion*.

But here lies my Fate; *Hephestion*, *Clytus*,

All my Victories for ever folded up:

In this dear Body my Banner's lost,

My Standard's Triumph's gone!

O when shall I be mad? Give order to

The Army that they break their Shields, Swords, Spears,

Round their bright Armour into dust away;

Is there not cause to put the World in mourning?

Tear all your Robes: — he dies that is not naked

Down to the waste, all like the Sons of Sorrow,

Burn all the Spires that seem to kiss the Sky;

Beat down the Battlements of every City,

And for the Monument of this lov'd Creature,

Root up these Bowers, and pave 'em all with Gold:

Draw dry the *Ganges*, make the *Indies* poor;

To build her Tomb, no Shrines nor Altars spare,

But strip the shining Gods to make it rare.

Exit.

Cas. Ha! whither now? follow him, *Polyparchon*.

Ex-Pol.

I find *Cassander's* Plot grows full of Death;

Murder is playing her great Master-piece,

And the sad Sisters sweat, so fast I urge 'em.

O how I hug my self for this Revenge!
My fancy's great in Mischief, for methinks
the Night grows darker, and the lab'ring Ghosts,
For fear that I should find new torments out,
Run o're the old with most prodigious swiftness.
I see the fatal Fruit betwixt the Teeth,
The Sieve brim-full, and the swift stone stand still.

Enter Poliperchon.

What, does it work?

Pol. Speak softly.

Cas. Well.

Pol. It does;

I follow'd him, and saw him swiftly walk
Toward the Palace; oft times looking back,
With watry Eyes, and calling out, *Statira*.
He stumbl'd at the Gate, and fell along;
Nor was he rais'd with ease by his Attendants,
But seem'd a greater load than ordinary,
As much more as the Dead out-weigh the Living.

Cas. Said he nothing?

Pol. When they took him up,
He sigh'd, and enur'd with a strange wild look,
Embrac'd the Princes round, and said he must
Dispatch the business of the World in haste.

Enter Philip and Thessalus.

Phil. Back, Back, all scatter: — with a dreadful shout
I heard him cry, I am but a dead man.

Thes. The Poyson tears him with that height of horror,
That I could pity him.

Pol. Peace; — where shall we meet?

Cas. In *Saturn's* Field.

Methinks I see the frighted Deities,
Ramming more bolts in their big-belly'd Clouds,
And firing all the Heavens to drown his noise.

Now we should laugh. — But go, disperse your selves,
While each Soul here, that fills his noble Vessel,
Swells with the murder, works with ruine o're:
And from the dreadful deed this Glory draws,
We kill'd the greatest man that ever was.

The Scene draws, Enter Alexander and all his Attendants.

Alex. Search there, may probe me, search my wounded reins,
Pull, draw it out.

Lyf. We have search'd, but find no hurt.

Alex. O I am shot, a forked burning Arrow
Sticks cros my shouldiers, the sad Venome flies
Like Lightning through my Flesh, my Blood, my Marrow.

Lyf. This must be Treason.

Perd. Wou'd I cou'd but guess.

Alex. Ha! what a change of torments I endure?
A bolt of Ice runs hizzing through my bowels.

'Tis sure the arm of Death, give me a Chair;

Cover me, for I freeze, my teeth chatter,

And my knees knock together.

Perd. Heaven bless the King!

Alex. Ha! who talks of Heaven?

I am all Hell, I burn, I burn again.

The War grows wondrous hot, hey for the Tygris;

Bear me, *Bucephalus*, amongst the Billows:

O 'tis a noble Beast! I would not change him

For the best Horse the Sun has in his Stable:

For they are hot, their Mangers full of coals,

Their Mains are flakes of Lightning, curls of Fire,

And their red tayls like Meteors whisk about.

Lyf. Help all, *Eumenes*, help, I cannot hold him.

Alex. Ha, ha, ha, I shall dye with laughter.

Parthenio, *Clytus*, dost thou see yon Fellow?

That ragged Souldier, that poor tatter'd Greek?

See how he puts to flight the gaudy *Persians*,

With nothing but a rusty Helmet on, through which

The grizly bristles of his pushing beard

Drive 'em like Pikes. — Ha, ha, ha.

Perd. How wild he talks?

Lyf. Yet warring in his wildness.

(come)

Alex. Sound, sound, keep your Ranks close, ay now they

O the brave din, the noble clank of Arms!

Charge, Charge apace, and let the *Phalanx* move.

Darius comes, — ha! let me in, none dare

To cross my fury; — *Philotas* is unhors'd; — Ay, 'tis *Da-*

I see, I know him by the sparkling Plumes,

And his Gold Chariot drawn by ten white Horses:

But like a Tempest thus I pour upon him. —

He bleeds, with that last blow I brought him down;

He tumbles, take him, snatch the Imperial Crown. —

They fly, they fly, — follow, follow, — *Victoria, Victoria,*

Victoria, — O let me sleep.

Perd. Let's raise him softly, and bear him to his Bed.

Alex. Hold, the least motion gives me sudden death;

My vital Spirits are quite parch'd, burnt up,

And all my smoaky Entrails turn'd to Ashes.

Lys. When you the brightest Star that ever shone
Shall set, it must be Night with us for ever.

Alex. Let me embrace you all before I die:
Weep not, my dear Companions, the good Gods
Shall send you in my stead a nobler Prince,
One that shall lead you forth with matchless Conduct.

Lys. Break not our hearts with such unkind expressions.

Perd. We will not part with you, nor change for Mars.

Alex. *Perdiccas*, take this Ring,
And see me laid in the Temple of
Jupiter Ammon.

Lys. To whom does your Dread Majesty bequeath
The Empire of the World?

Alex. To him that is most worthy.

Perd. When will you, sacred Sir, that we should give
To your great Memory those Divine Honours,
Which such exalted Virtue does deserve?

Alex. When you are all most happy, and in Peace.

Your hands, — O Father, if I have discharg'd

[*rises*]

The duty of a Man to Empire born;

If by unwearied Toyl I have deserv'd

The vast renown of thy Adopted Son,

Accept this Soul, which thou didst first inspire,

And with this sigh, thus gives thee back again.

[*dies*]

Lys. *Eumenes*, cover the fall'n Majesty,

If there be Treason, let us find it out:

Lysimachus stands forth to lead you on,

And swears by those most honour'd dear Remains,

He will not taste the Joys which Beauty brings,

'Till we revenge the Greatest, Best of Kings.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE to Alexander the Great.

WHAT e're they mean, yet ought they to be curst,

Who this Censorious Age did polish first:

Who the best Play, for one poor Errour blame,

As Priests against our Ladies Arts declaim,

And for one patch, both Soul and Body damn.

But what does more provoke the Actors rage,

(For we must show the grievance of the Stage)

Is, that our Women who adorn each Play,

Bred at our Cost, become at length your Prey:

While green and sower, like Trees we bear 'em all,
 But when they're mellow, straight to you they fall:
 You watch 'em bare and squab, and let 'em rest:
 But with the first young Down, you snatch the Nest.
 Pray leave these poaching tricks, if you are wise,
 Ere we take out our Letters of Reprize.
 For we have vow'd to find a sort of Toys
 Known to black Fryars, a Tribe of chooping Boys:
 If once they come, they'l quickly spoil your sport:
 There's not one Lady will receive your Court:
 But for the Youth in Petticoats run wild,
 With oh the archest Wagg, the sweetest Child.
 The panting Breast, white Hands and lily-Foot
 No more shall your pall'd thoughts with pleasure meet.
 The Woman in Boys Cloaths, all Boy shall be,
 And never raise your thoughts above the Knee.
 Well, if our Woman knew how false you are,
 They won'd stay here, and this new trouble spare:
 Poor Souls, they think all Gospel you relate,
 Charm'd with the noise of sett'ling an Estate:
 But when at last your Appetites are full,
 And the tir'd Cupid grows, with action, dull:
 You'll find some trick to cut off the Entail,
 And send 'em back to us all worn and stale.
 Perhaps they'l find our Stage, while they have rang'd
 To some vile canting Conventicle, chang'd:
 Where, for the Sparks who once resorted there
 With their curPd Wigs that scented all the Air,
 They'l see grave Blockheads with short greasie Hair.
 Green-Aprons, steeple-Hats, and Collar-Bands;
 Dull sniv'ling Rogues that wring, not clap their hands:
 Where, for gay Punks that drew the shining Crowd,
 And Misses that, in Vizard, laugh'd aloud;
 They'l hear young Sisters sigh, see Matrons old,
 To their chop'd Cheeks their pickled Kerchers hold;
 Whose Zeal too, might perswade, in spight to you,
 Our flying Angels, to augment their Crew:
 While Farringdon, their Hero stuns about 'em,
 And ne're a damning Critick dares to flout 'em.

FINIS.

